Week ending November 15 1952 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

The authentic life of

ADOLF HITLER

by ALAN BULLOCK

Black Looks FOR Miss Blanche

Mr. Francis! I've been under this drier for over an hour! Miss Blanche must have forgotten me
Miss Blanche? Why, she's my best girl, Lady Sylvia! I'll send for her...

I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Francis. I just can't seem to concentrate on what I'm doing these days
But we pay you to concentrate, Miss Blanche! You used to be the best girl here. This isn't the first mistake you've made lately

THAT EVENING
I can't do better, Dad! I feel so tired the whole time, somehow
It's not natural, Blanche. Do something for your old Dad, will you—see the doctor

AT THE DOCTOR'S
But if there's nothing organically wrong with me, doctor, why do I even wake tired after a long night's sleep?
Well, Blanche, it isn't enough for just our bodies to rest by night. Our nerves, our brain...our whole personality... must have rest and peace. Our sleep must reach right down into our subconscious mind. We must have complete relaxation...

SOME TIME LATER
But, er—Lady Sylvia, you know you complained of Miss Blanche. She's just left us. I know you'll like our new—
That was weeks ago, Mr. Francis. I've never had anyone as good as Miss Blanche is now. I'll have her or nobody

So, you see, when Dad retired it seemed a wonderful chance. We opened this salon together. He runs the business side!
If he's as clever as his daughter, my dear, I predict a rosy future for you both

A FEW MONTHS LATER
More and more customers! We must expand, my dear—and d'you know, we can afford those premises in Tithe Street now
(THINKS) Dear old Horlicks!

"IF YOU COULD SEE YOURSELF ASLEEP..."

"Have you ever watched people when they're asleep? Some look blissfully peaceful. Some seem worried. Some seem tense.

"And so they are. Tension grips them. They are asleep, but not relaxed. Their sleep is superficial: it is not reaching down, down to the subconscious mind. . . .

"To enjoy 'happy' sleep, there must be complete relaxation of mind and body. By promoting this tranquil state, and by helping to remove disturbing stimuli in the bloodstream and digestive system, Horlicks also helps you to wake up confident . . . restored . . . full of zest and optimism."

HORLICKS

RESTORES YOU BY NIGHT

EDITORIAL

OUR thugs

ON a single recent day the courts heard about a cosh used on a detective, a taxi-driver attacked, a woman assaulted, and a man hit with a broken bottle.

Every day thugs are tried and sentenced, but nearly twice as many brutalities are committed as ever reach the courts.

Last year there were 7,188 offences of murder, attempted murder, manslaughter, wounding, indictable assault, robbery or rape known to the police in England and Wales. Only 4,543 of the criminals were convicted.

"When a person contemplates committing a crime, and feels that he has a fifty-fifty chance of getting away with it, that is some considerable encouragement to him to go ahead," Lord Silkin told the House of Lords during its recent debate on crimes of violence.

MOST of the argument on that occasion was concerned with whether or not to reintroduce flogging. This seems to have little to do with it. The figures were frighteningly high when flogging was thought a deterrent.

LORD SILKIN
"A fifty-fifty chance"

It has never really been proved that corporal punishment is any use at all.

Some of the peers hoped for a larger police force, while others said that the police should spend less time on minor offences.

DESPITE £400 a year plus free quarters, recruits for the force are not forthcoming. "I need a minimum of 3,500 more men. I shall be lucky if, this year, my net increase of strength is 350," says Sir Harold Scott, Metropolitan Commissioner of Police. So there is little hope of better police protection for the women and the many old people who, as the Lord Chief Justice said, "are terrified to answer a knock on the door at night."

A NOTORIOUS cosh-boy can carry his cowardly weapon in his pocket or even dangling from his wrist, with complete immunity, as long as he is not caught actually using it on a victim.

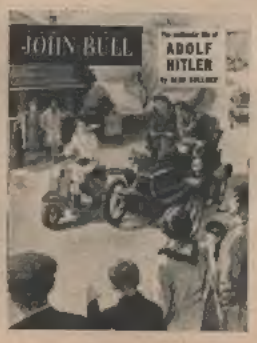
But it is an offence to carry firearms without permission, and the penalty for possessing firearms with intent to injure a person or even to cause injury to property is fourteen years' imprisonment.

We need now to extend the law so that this punishment can be inflicted on toughs who are caught carrying such "toys" as lead piping, bicycle chains and razors.

Then Britain's thugs could be locked up *before* they made the blood flow.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

NEVER call them "Old Crocks." The grand old veteran—a Peugeot—shown in Bill Morden's painting has been running since 1901, and was entered in the recent veteran car run from London to Brighton. In 1950 it carried its owner, who has twenty other diehards in his collection, to Le Touquet in France, and last year to Paris. It may take longer to go places than the modern motor-scooter, but it gets there in the end.



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W167

Free Speech

The art of pleasing children

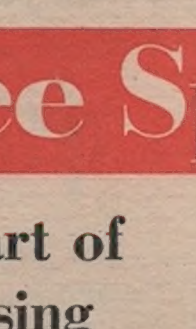
EVERY year, as Christmas approaches, we spend a great deal of time in discussing what to buy for the children. Each year we think we have found the perfect answer, and expensive toys are bought and carefully hidden away on the tops of tall cupboards.

By the end of January, the toys on which we spent so much money are either battered out of recognition or banished to the attic. In the garden our daughter is tirelessly giving rides to friends in her brother's discarded pram. Outside the coalshed our son amuses himself all day banging nails into a piece of firewood. But what parent ever dared to put firewood and nails into a Christmas stocking?—Mrs. F. Williams, Alma Street, Halifax, Yorks.

Bridging The Gap

THE American girl who did not know the meaning of U.K. ("Free Speech," October 25) does not surprise me. On a train between Paris and Calais an American girl asked me when the train would reach England. I said: "We have a boat to get. There's water between France and England, you know." "Yep, I know," she replied, "but I thought there would be a bridge or sump'n."—Matt Freeland, Kingsknowe Terrace, Edinburgh.

Unwatched Cakes



HAVING cooked for years on an oil stove I am now using an electric cooker. Apart from missing the blue flame of my old stove, I have no means of finding out how the bread and cakes are getting on. The cooker has no little windows through which the progress of the cooking can be watched.—Sarah Hastings, Ulverston, Lancs.

Out Of The Bag

SUITCASES and attaché cases are almost always carried with the lid away from the legs. On a railway station I saw a soldier dashing to catch a train. His case flew open, scattering dirty linen among passengers, milk churns and baskets of pigeons. If the lid had been next to his legs he would have been able to save his washing—and catch his train.—William Coop, Mexborough, Yorks.

Sorry, Wrong Number

DETAILS of special telegrams for Servicemen overseas ("Free Speech," October 25) recalls a wartime experience. I was with the Army in Cairo, having sailed from Scotland some three months before, when I received one of the special telegrams. It informed me that I was the father of a boy, and that mother and child were doing well. This was a shock as I had no inkling of such glad news. I thought that my wife had not told me to prevent me from worrying. But had I been so *very* unobservant? I was already the father of two children. Mail was erratic and the Army postal authorities could only confirm that the correct "phrase" telegram had been decoded. It was fifteen days before they told me that the wrong phrase number had been cabled from England. The message was: "Love and greetings from all at home."—H. W., Hunts.

. . . In addition to the E.F.M. telegrams, there are Concession Telegrams at inland rates for next-of-kin of Servicemen and women overseas. Authority to send these must first be obtained from the Service department concerned.—Mrs. Dorothy Wilson, Messines Road, Colchester.

And Still They Die

AS a police officer I agree with your editorial "Road Murder". (John Bull, October 25). Yet when a police chief criticized light penalties in the courts, he was sharply rebuked by another Chief Constable. What hope is there of reform if even police chiefs are in disagreement? Road deaths do not strike the public conscience, because the deaths are so disconnected. The Harrow rail disaster, because of its magnitude, hit home, and will probably result in improved railway safety. But a child killed in Dorset and another in Ayrshire are local tragedies, and are very soon forgotten.—Police Sergeant, Scotland.

ROYAL MILLINER

Aage Thaarup makes hats for Britain's Queens — and alters crowns to fit

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Variety's Big House

MY fellow countryman, Australian-born Sir Oswald Stoll, once had to make up an error of £500 in his estimate of the Royal Variety Performance takings. But your printer has made me wrong to the tune of £16,200 in my article ("Variety's Diplomat Puts On A Royal Show," John Bull, November 1), and frankly I can't afford it. Lowest price for the Royal show is 10s. 6d.—to stand in the upper circle—and top price is twenty guineas. The London Palladium is the largest theatre in the West End and holds almost 3,000 people, so the takings for the Royal show are about £18,000, not a mere £1,800.—Ian Bevan, Dolphin Square, London, S.W.1.

Epilepsy Explored

I BECAME ill after an air raid in 1941 What the illness was I did not know. Nor did the brain specialist or the many doctors and psychiatrists who examined me, for I was not able to furnish an accurate description of the symptoms. But Margiad Evans described them perfectly in "A Ray Of Darkness." Even to the thoughts, note-scribbling and diary-keeping, my reactions are the same. Perhaps the most awful symptom is the fear as a fit approaches. No healthy person can understand its terror.—A. L., Liverpool.

. . . I am twenty-nine and have suffered from epilepsy since I was fifteen. At times I have found myself in a neighbour's house not knowing how I got there. Margiad Evans has penetrated a little-known world. It is comforting to read another's personal experiences. So many try to keep it all a secret, often with unhappy and disastrous results.—W. G., Middlesex.

. . . Epilepsy has been known to me for nearly twenty years, and it is my experience that only by quoting their own experiences can writers bring home its evil. For the great majority of the public knows nothing of it. Margiad Evans has done this, and I hope that the John Bull articles from her book will stimulate further research, and perhaps bring about the positive cure for epilepsy which is so urgently needed.—A. J. Lockerman, London, N.13.

Information Given

R. J. BEEKES, of Nairobi, who regrets that there are not more signposts in Britain giving information about county boundaries, etc. ("Free Speech," October 25), should be interested in this photograph. It shows the signpost at Saltney on the North Wales coast road. The sign reads, "Welcome to Wales," in Welsh and English. Similar signs are posted in Flintshire on every road from England.—E. O. Jones, Penarlag, Hawarden, Chester.

Thanks Returned

SEVERAL years ago I received a food parcel from Australia. Another parcel came the following year and, as a way of thanking the donor, I sent her a Christmas subscription to John Bull. There was no acknowledgment and we wondered if the magazines were going through. The silence continued for nine months, and then we had a caller. Her first words were: "You won't recognize me, but we are getting John Bull regularly." It was our Australian friend, who called while she was on a round-the-world tour with her sister. They much appreciated the magazine which, they said, is so popular with the family that its arrival causes a scramble for who shall have it first.—Ben Thompson, Kingswinford, Brierley Hill, Staffs.

Details of John Bull's *Christmas subscription scheme for friends and relatives abroad appear on page 35.*

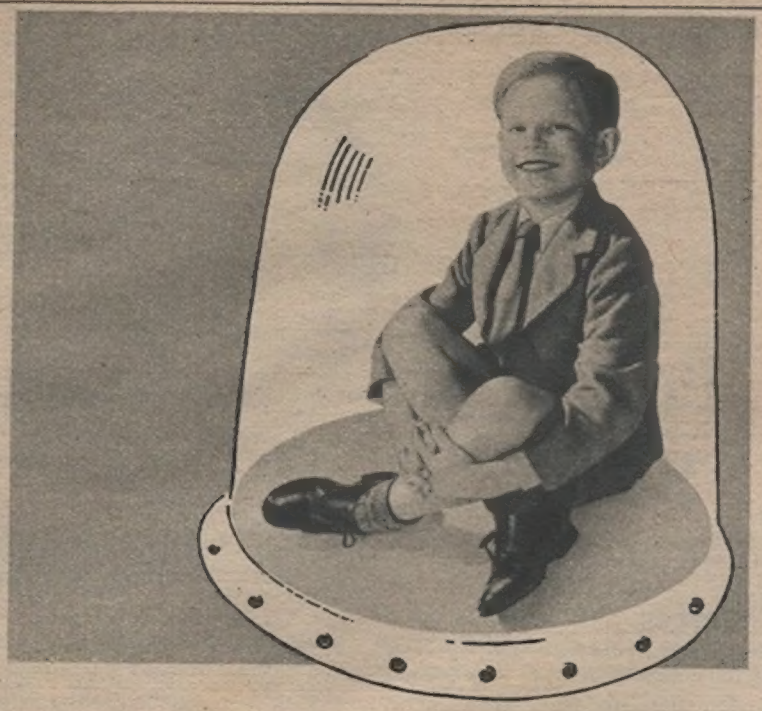
Gull Mystery

GULLS tend to move inland during the winter. In spite of this, I have never seen a gull perch in a tree, either on coast or inland. Apart from settling in fields to feed, they choose roofs, telegraph poles and fences upon which to perch.—R. L., Hants.

Gulls compete with geese for titbits in a winter scene at Regent's Park, London

The reason? An expert on birds at the Museum of Natural History says: We don't know. It may be that, being essentially sea birds, they are afraid of trees.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



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But wise mothers protect their children from sickness far more effectively, and endow them with the power to grow sturdy bones and good strong teeth, through the natural stored goodness of

SevenSeaS COD LIVER OIL

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All the above wines are available in half-bottles.

CVS-178

THE SILVIKRIN GUIDE TO HAIR HEALTH

No. 4

Greasy Scalp

The cause

The oil-producing glands of the scalp are too active. As a result they become swollen with fatty material frequently containing colonies of bacteria. These bacteria may affect the mechanism of hair growth, so that the whole head of hair gradually becomes finer and weaker. Finally no hair at all is produced. That is how a greasy scalp can lead directly to thinning hair.

The right approach

The scalp must be freed from the greasy deposit which has formed over it, and its whole tone and condition must be improved. Regular massage with Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion will do this. Most important of all, extra nourishment is best supplied direct to the hair roots to stimulate the formation of new, strong, healthy hairs. For this purpose a 3 months course of Pure Silvikrin is necessary. Pure Silvikrin is a concentrated, organic solution containing *all* the 18 amino-acids that form the hair's natural food.

Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

Use Pure Silvikrin also in severe cases of dandruff and thinning hair. (12/6 a bottle). As a daily tonic dressing use Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion, or, for dry heads, Silvikrin Lotion with Oil. Both 2/9 (large economy size 4/10). All prices include tax.

12-17

IF you've a bottle of VENO'S in the house you can quickly get rid of a cough. VENO'S Cough Mixture removes the immediate causes of coughing. It soothes the irritation of a dry cough and loosens tenacious phlegm.

Whenever there's a cough in your house turn to VENO'S. It can safely be given to children.

TO STOP CHILDREN'S COUGHS, NIGHT COUGHS, THROAT AND CHEST SORENESS

1/8 *and* 2/10 *per bottle*

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VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH MIXTURE

Another exciting true adventure of the R.A.F. Escaping Society from ESCAPE—OR DIE, Paul Brickhill's best-selling new book

ISLAND OF RESISTANCE

One moment Carson was busily strafing German troops from the air. The next he was a bewildered fugitive, who was swiftly to be embroiled in a ruthless battle on a Dutch island redoubt

ON SEPTEMBER 29, 1944, fighter pilot Robert Anthony Carson was shot down at an awkward moment. He had made two runs over the convoy on the Dutch road, seen his shells slamming into the truck-loads of panicky German soldiers, and was running in for the third time when the engine banged frighteningly, something shot out of the flat, mullet-head cowling in front and his Spitfire shuddered violently as the engine seized.

An axiom among fighter pilots says that troops are always eager to meet the man who has been strafing them. Carson swept about a hundred feet over their heads, speed dropping as he used it to claim a little height, trying to stretch his glide as far as he could, though any high-performance fighter glides dead-stick like a brick. He swung left towards a field, snapped his flaps down and held her off till she squashed and slid noisily to a

The maid rushed in to Carson and his Dutch host. Two German soldiers were at the door, she said, trembling. Carson sprang to the french windows

ILLUSTRATION BY ZELINSKI

stop. Unclipping, he swung out of the cockpit and, looking back, saw the soldiers fanning fast off the road towards him half a mile back. Cursing his clumsy flying boots, he ran like hell the other way.

At that time Carson was just twenty-one, compact and nimble, with large, capable hands. He tore through a hedge, across two fields and dead ahead saw a canal about twenty-five feet wide barring his path. Without breaking step or faltering he took off in full run on wings of fear and landed in the middle, going right under because it was deep. The shock of the cold water brought him out of the panic and he half swam, half floundered to the far side, pulled himself on to the bank and was running again. The country was dead flat, like so much of Holland; no cover anywhere.

Spitfire To The Rescue

Ten minutes later he stumbled almost to his knees, feeling he could run no more. The breath sawed hard in his throat and his heart was pounding in his ears. Looking back fearfully he did not see a single German soldier, and understood why when a Spitfire rose steeply over the fields, pulling round in a climbing turn at the same moment as the crackle of its distant cannon fire reached him. He wondered which of his friends it was and, because he had once been strafed himself, felt almost sympathy for the vengeful pursuers caught in the open fields and cringing into the grass as they waited for it.

Half walking, half jogging, he passed some farm workers, who stared open-mouthed, and later saw three farmhouses ahead. They all looked the same; making a quick decision he walked cautiously round the back of the middle one, and a florid, middle-aged man came out in farm clothes, looking startled at the figure in battledress and flying boots.

Quick-witted, the farmer grasped the situation instantly, grabbed Carson by the arm and hustled him into a barn by the house. In stumbling English and with gestures he made the boy understand that he was to burrow under the hay if he heard Germans, and then turned and ran out of the barn. In a minute he slipped quietly back through the door carrying over his arm a good brown tweed suit, and as he helped Carson off with his battledress and into the suit he managed to make him understand that he would like the suit back after the war. Carson, who knew a few German words, gathered that it was his Sunday best.

The farmer pulled some of the hay aside, and underneath Carson saw a sten gun and a couple of automatics. The farmer handed him a 7 mm. automatic. "Allies," the farmer said, grinning, making signs to indicate that the guns had been dropped from the air. Suddenly solemn again he told Carson he was lucky to have chosen this farm. The ones on either side belonged to Dutch Nazis. On a map he pointed with a thick forefinger to show that the spot was about a hundred kilometres from the Canadian troops.

After dusk the farmer led Carson over fields to a house in a nearby village called Krimpen, on the banks of the Lek River, and outside the back door Carson met Dirk, a hearty, burly ship repairer. Dirk took him down to the river where he had his ships, and in a barge moored there Carson relaxed in a bunk with some bread and cheese and passed a peaceful night.

Dirk told him in the morning that he would arrange to get him a Dutch identity card. In the evening he came back a little flustered and said the Germans were searching the village. Taking the boy by the arm and talking loudly to him in incomprehensible Dutch, he led him out into the main street, past a disciplined little troop of searching German soldiers (Carson blushing like a schoolgirl and feeling very guilty) to a schoolteacher's house which the Germans had already searched.

Carson's New Identity

Chris, the school-teacher, was a smiling, obliging, blond man who sheltered Carson for four days. Then one evening a man came and spoke briefly to Chris. After he had gone Chris handed Carson a neat piece of folded green cardboard.

"Rub this in your hands till it looks worn," he said. "It is your new identity card. You are Piet Smit, land worker, and from now on I will call you Piet. Get used to it."

Carson looked at the card and said in wonder: "It really looks real."

"It is real," Chris said, "except for the signature. We get the cards from the official stocks. Now—we will arrange for you to go north where you will find more food and fewer Germans."

"*Away* from the front?"

"Yes. You will shelter in a house. It will not be exciting. There is a curfew at seven, the Germans start shooting after it, so your nights will be dull for a young man, but you must wait till the armies catch up with you."

Carson said: "Sorry. Not me. I'm no good at that. I want to have a go at getting through the lines."

"Do not be foolish," Chris said severely, the schoolmaster coming out in him. "You will be caught. Or killed in the battle. Or both. You should do as we say."

"Look, Chris," Carson said, "I do appreciate all you've done, but I'd go silly sitting on my bottom all day. Other people have got through the lines. Why shouldn't I?"

"You hear only of the lucky ones who get through," Chris explained. "Not the unlucky ones. There are more of them."

"I was always lucky," Carson insisted. After half an hour's argument Carson was still stubborn so Chris, slightly ruffled, brought out of a downstairs cupboard a battered old bicycle without tyres. "It is the best I can do for you," he said, and added tersely, "I hope it brings you luck, because that is what you are going to need."

Griselda Led The Way

In the morning Chris went out and came back in about half an hour with an agile, extremely competent-looking girl of about twenty. She was pushing a bicycle and Chris introduced her as Griselda. "She will guide you south to a house," he said. Griselda smiled briefly. She was apparently ready to go and five minutes later Carson rode off about a hundred yards behind her, the battered rims of his bicycle wheels clattering over the cobbles so that he thought everyone must be staring at him.

Coming up to the ferry over the Lek he saw a German soldier on board collecting the fares and felt his heartbeats quicken with fear. Chris had briefed him well: Carson handed the German the correct money (it was the first German he had dealt with) and the soldier muttered something at him, but Carson pretended to look at his front wheel and the German moved off. Two more Germans searched some of the passengers as they got off on the far side, but Carson, sweating, landed unmolested. He saw a line of Red Cross lorries waiting on the road; at least they were white, with red crosses painted on the sides. All of them were packed with obviously healthy and well-armed German soldiers.

For nearly six hours that day he rode a

Robert "Steve" Carson, then twenty-one, on the wing of his Spitfire shortly before he was shot down over Holland. Always keen to fly, he wangled out of a reserved job to join the R.A.F.

With his wife and son on the beach at Bridlington near his home. Carson is still in the R.A.F. and now works as an instructor on Meteor jet fighters. His wife is a skilful sailplane pilot

hundred yards behind Griselda, who seemed to be tireless. About six-thirty they went through a winding village called Bleskgraaf, and when Carson came out on the other side he could not see the girl. He rode back through the village but there was no sign of her and he started worrying about the curfew. It was so close to curfew time that he guessed this was the village where he was supposed to spend the night. But where?

He rode back through the village again; still no sign of Griselda, but a doctor's plate caught his eye outside a house, and the name on it was Inglese. It seemed an unmistakable omen. Walking round to the back of the house, Carson knocked on the door.

The doctor himself came to the door, a bony, stooped, elderly man. Carson said in stumbling German, "*Ich bin Englische Fliegeroffizier,*" and the doctor said quickly in English, "Come inside at once." It never crossed his mind that Carson might be a disguised German trying to trap Dutch Resistance people. Dutchmen were usually wary of them (with good reason), but the doctor said later that no German could ever have an accent like Carson's.

Shortly after curfew time Carson was sitting down to dinner with the doctor; five minutes later the maid rushed in trembling and said there were two German soldiers at the door. Carson dived out of the french windows into the back garden and hid himself. The doctor called him in half an hour later and said the Germans were only making a routine check, and now he had been searched it was safer than ever.

Next day the doctor came home with an eager youth and a girl, and told Carson they would guide him to an address in the town of Dordrecht. It was the system as before, Carson riding his rattletrap old bike behind the two guides. A German check post sentry gave him a bad fright on the way, stopping him and asking for his papers. He pulled out his identity card, the German looked casually at it, handed it back, and Carson rode on.

In Dordrecht the two guides took him into a grey stone house in a garden back from the road, showed him into a room, smiled and walked out. Across the room, watching him closely, sat a silent young man; short and thick-set with fair, close-cropped hair. The man merely gazed, tight-lipped, saying nothing, and Carson sat in another chair. A quarter of an hour passed; the man had not opened his mouth and Carson felt the silent tension getting unbearable. He was fidgeting and wondering what sort of test this was, when he heard the other man say something explosively under his breath. It sounded like "Goddam," and Carson said: "I say, do you speak English?"

"I sure as hell do," said Lieutenant Grover P. Parker, of California, who had been shot down two days before, been captured, escaped that morning from the Dordrecht lock-up and had been picked up by the Dutch.

Place The Germans Feared

Immediately the tension collapsed and they each broke into a torrent of words. A few minutes later an English-speaking Dutchman came into the room and apologized for being so long. (They realized later he had probably been listening, waiting for them to talk naturally to each other so he would know whether either was a German "plant.") He said he was going to send them to a place called the Biesbosch, an area of thickly overgrown marsh in the fork where the Waal flowed into the Maas River. There was a well-armed Organization there, he added, and the Germans were usually frightened to go into it.

Another fair young Dutchman came in the morning and led them for several miles across quiet country till they came out on the Maas River at a spot where a skiff was moored. Across on the far shore they saw a tangle of thick reeds about seven feet high, and here and there a tree. "Biesbosch," the Dutchman said briefly. He rowed them across to a rotted landing stage and led the way along a narrow, beaten path that was almost a tunnel where the thick, dry-green reeds crowded in on both sides, curving over their heads. Stagnant canals choked with weeds and reeds kept cutting through the path, and they crossed them on narrow planks.

The Resistance Leader

The path sharply spread out into a small clearing, and in a canal running along one side of it a man sat in a canoe. "*Der Kommandant,*" the guide said half to himself, half to Carson. He gave a hail and the man paddled to the bank and climbed out. The guide spoke in Dutch and the Kommandant solemnly shook their hands and said in English with a stiff accent, "How do you do?"

The Kommandant was about forty, fair and sharp-featured with sunken cheeks, wore a thick, crew-necked sweater and had a big automatic pistol stuck in the waistband of his pants. It was a keen face, Carson thought, but "hooded," curiously empty of active expression. He found in the times that followed that the Kommandant seldom let a flicker of emotion show. The main thing for the moment was that he spoke English. He said, "If you will always do as I say you can stay with us. I am afraid it is not comfortable."

The guide turned back and they followed the Kommandant along more winding paths for a quarter of an hour till Carson became aware of the long, low shape of a barge lying surprisingly in the reeds. The Kommandant led them on to

Continued on page 30

Moses and the Policeman

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The policeman had taken his dog; old Granite was heartbroken. What was there, he wondered, that the policeman would miss—as much as *he* missed Moses?

GRANITE JONES and his dog, Moses, were known to every farmer and village housewife throughout the Welsh Marches. Granite was a travelling knife-grinder, and in the counties which married together England and Wales, he was always sure of trade and sympathy. Thus he never ventured too far east on to the Shropshire Plain, and never too far west beyond the footnills of Wales. And in his wanderings north and south he kept his distance both from Cardiff and from Liverpool.

But in between these limits he was well known and well loved. There was always shelter awaiting both him and the dog in some shed, close to the heat of a tractor, cooling after the day's work. There were always knives to grind, scissors and saws to be set, lawn mowers to be sharpened. At the adjusting of any cutting-tool Granite Jones was a master.

He had got his curious name from his father. The old man had travelled as a tinker from one Victorian workhouse to the next. In those days the task to be done for the free lodging was the breaking of lumps of granite small enough to pass through holes in a wall; these were later used to pave the parish roads. Granite Jones's father had been famous for the speed with which he could break the rock to fragments. His son, now an old man himself, had inherited his father's name.

And there was a reason, too, for the name of the dog, Moses. He was now nine years old, and had been found one summer by Granite Jones as a castaway puppy whining in some bulrushes by a millpond. Granite had rescued the little animal and they became partners for life. Throughout the seasons the little company moved through the rural parishes, Granite going first, trundling the up-ended knife-grinding machine, Moses following.

They were a happy couple, and their only enemies were the snows and the east winds. On such days, Granite and his dog would rest in some barn close to the cattle for warmth. Moses would nestle deep into the tattered overcoat of the old knife-grinder, pushing his nose into the great white beard which was one of the proudest possessions of Granite. Like a mother and child, they would defy the weather, listening to the cud-chewing of the cows. And if such times were hard, they had the blue days of summer to look forward to, and to remember.

It was on a day in the last week of April that Granite Jones and Moses were travelling south through the border country. There was sunlight upon the strong grass of the growing hayfields, the earth of the sown cornlands was an intense green with new growth, and the gardens of the cottages and farmhouses, symmetrical and neat, had been planted for the new season.

It was a happy prospect, and Granite had a lilt in his walk. He knew that he was heading for a village where there would be a full day's work. Moses, too, was very happy. Even though he was of a noble age for a dog, there was yet much fun in him. Sometimes a white cloud in the sky would send a chasing shadow upon the sides of the road, and Moses would try to catch the blackness with an excited yelp.

Like that, in a great contentment, they entered the little village with its church tower of black and white, with its school on a little hill, and with its rusty parish pump set in a fenced square of grass.

Granite up-ended his machine by the first cottages and Moses lay down by the side of it, on guard while his master went to call on the housewives.

AFTER ten minutes, the old man came back, scissors and garden-shears piled high in his arms and touching his beard. The sunlight coming back from the bright parts of the tools dazzled him a little; he did not see the man by the grinding-machine until a strong voice called: "Hallo, there."

Granite looked up, surprised that anybody should be waiting for him; he always called: everyone knew that. And then he saw the helmet and the blue uniform, and he knew that it was a constable. He thought it was some officer he knew, for although the policemen were shuffled from village to village every few years, Granite knew them all and was on good terms.

"Hallo, and how are things in the world of crime these days?"

It was only when there was no jovial reply that Granite looked again through the sunlight. Moses was still lying with his nose on paws to the one side. But the officer was a stranger. And from the old loose collar of the dog to the red hand of the policeman went a stout piece of twine.

Slowly, Granite put the tools one by one on to the cobblestones of the old pavement. This was the day he had dreaded, more than his own

The constable stood there, looking silently a

death or that of Moses. As the old knife-grinder straightened up he saw that the policeman had taken out a small notebook and a bright, important-looking fountain-pen. He was a young officer, very careful and conscientious, for he had tied the string to his wrist so that he could have both hands free for writing.

Granite said, calmly: "Do not worry, he will not run away."

The young policeman gave a very brief smile.

"You vagrants train your animals to roam about like yourselves. We have to take precautions."

Granite took a slow, deep breath so that he might control the fountain of annoyance which was rising within him.

"Why, officer, I am not a vagrant. I am a *tradesman*."

The constable shook his head and the braid on his helmet looked very precious in the spring sunshine. "You travel from place to place, don't you?"

"I do, sir."

"Therefore you're a vagrant."

"But I am a skilled worker. You could not work that machine and give an edge to a scissor; I am quite certain."

The officer smiled once again and his voice was quite kind as he said: "It's not my fault. The chief constable has got the county council to pass a by-law that the dogs of all vagrants must be taken away from them during this season."

"But, why, sir? Why take my dog away from me?"

"It's because of the lambs. There have been

Granite Jones. "This," said Eunice, holding the old man's hand, "is Mister Father Christmas"

many cases of sheep-killing in the district, and young lambs are helpless, and precious, at this time of the year. We can keep a check on all householders' dogs at night-time, but we can't check the dogs of people like you."

"But see, I will move on. I will give all these things back to the houses and I and Moses will move on to a safer place."

The young policeman looked down at Moses. The old dog had his brown eyes intent on his master. Once he tried to move his head, but the taut string held him.

"Moses—that's what you call him?" asked the policeman.

"That's right. He is a religious dog, a real Christian. He would not touch any sheep. He hardly ever leaves me. We are like man and wife: we sleep together."

THE young constable laughed; his teeth were white and his gums healthy and red. "I'm sorry to have to do this."

"Will you not turn your back, sir, for ten minutes?"

"I've got a job to do. What's more, I want to be a sergeant some day."

"Taking a small dog away from an old man will never make you a sergeant, I can tell you that."

"Little things lead to big ones. . . . But I can't stay here all day. What is your name, please?"

"Granite Jones."

The policeman wrote carefully with the smart fountain-pen in the little notebook.

Granite chanced a question: "What are you going to do with my dog tonight? Where shall I call for him tomorrow?"

The young constable screwed on the top to the pen, and he didn't look up as he answered: "He will not see tomorrow."

A slow pain came then inside the chest of Granite Jones, there where he knew his heart must surely be. The sunlight and the strong shadows of the houses became like the harsh contrasts of an evil dream. Even his own machine seemed monstrous, with its wheel and its painted woodwork.

The policeman must have seen the terror in the old man's face, for he said kindly: "It's not my rule, old friend; it's the rule of the high-ups. They say all vagrants' dogs must be collected. We are a poor county: we cannot afford to keep them until the lambing season is all over. The dogs have to be taken to the county vet, who sees that they are put to sleep. It is very quick and pleasant for the dog, they say. Sleep can be a kind thing."

Bitterly, Granite Jones looked up. Even to himself his voice sounded old and tired and unknown as he replied: "You are quite wise with your words."

The young man folded up the notebook and untied the cord from his wrist. Granite could see his distress; the way he plucked at the side of his cheek like a man with a great load of worry. And he spoke his words quickly as if he hated the sound of them:

"Say goodbye to your dog; I have other duties to attend to."

Granite bent down, so that his beard touched the warm stones of the pavement. He stroked the front paws of Moses with his palms. It was an old trick between them, and the dog reached forward to lick the brown skin of his master's hands. The policeman lengthened the lead, but said nothing.

That done, Granite Jones stood up and asked one last question: "You would not like to take my machine instead?"

The policeman shook his head, turned away, and jerked the string. Moses refused to move.

Granite spoke then. "Go with the gentleman, Moses, like a good dog."

Slowly, as if he, too, suddenly felt an age within his bones, Moses stood up and started to walk with the policeman, his tail down. Once he looked back at his master and Granite Jones waved reassuringly to him, as if he was a small child going on a holiday. The constable never looked back.

Granite watched the two of them until they had gone around a bend of the sunlit street. Then he quietly set to work and ground and set all the scissors and shears. He took them back to the houses, but he collected no more. With the afternoon he upended his machine and trundled it to a fir plantation at the one end of the village, opposite the local police station. From the cool green depths he looked across the road to the little ivy-covered house with its official blue sign at the front. There was also a notice board, with information about sheep-dipping and persons wanted.

On a little veranda was a small toy tricycle with red woodwork and green handlebars and yellow wheels. It was while watching from the firwood that Granite saw a little girl of about four come down the steps from the police station and play with the tricycle, riding it up and down. For half an hour Granite looked at the little girl. Once the young policeman came out to talk to her. He had taken off his tunic and was in his shirtsleeves.

PATIENTLY Granite sat in the wood, making his plans. It was only when he saw the young officer come out with a bicycle and ride away that he moved. Then he came boldly out of the wood, crossed the road, and went through the gate to the village police station. As he rang the bell, he spoke to the little girl.

"And what is your name, little one?"

She was fair-haired and had brown eyes, and she wore tiny jodhpurs and a pink jumper. She seemed to trust him, for she replied at once, "Eunice."

"Oh, and is that your very own tricycle?"

Eunice nodded, gravely.

Staying his hand before a second ring on the door of the police station, Granite Jones said: "And do you know who I am?"

Eunice shook her head, but he could see that she was watching the beard.

"Well, Eunice, I am Father Christmas."

Her brown eyes widened and her mouth opened. Then she spoke, and she was saying her words very, very carefully: "Mister Father Christmas, thank you very much for this tricycle which you sent me. Did you have my letter?"

Granite nodded his head several times, making sure that his beard waved like a flag in the warm April air.

"I did, Eunice, and what was it you wanted next Christmas?"

"I haven't written yet, Mister Father Christmas."

"Well, you tell me now, Eunice, and I'll see that I put your name on just the right parcels at the North Pole."

Eunice said promptly: "I want a Teddy bear with a curly tail."

"Right, I'll see how my stocks are. Lots of little girls want Teddy bears with curly tails, but I'll see what can be done. Your mummy doesn't seem to be in, does she?"

"She is busy in the garden at the back."

"Oh, I see. Now, Eunice, wouldn't you like

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Fay of the fabulous Comptons

The girl who could do no wrong is still an anxious star. For her, success is neither wealth nor fame. It's another jewel for the family heritage

by MARJORIE EARL

1922. The wistful Fay in *Secrets*. Around her was an aura of glamour almost unheard of now

WHEN FAY COMPTON was making a 6,000-mile trip through Europe on a 1946 tour, the manager of one theatre obligingly vacated his office so that the star could have a dressing-room. Before the performance, the office telephone kept ringing, and most of the callers wanted to know if Fay Compton was acting that day. "Yes, she is," Fay Compton assured them, between strokes with her make-up pencils, "and she's wonderful. Don't miss it!"

Now a fifty-eight year old grandmother, who has acted in eighty plays, and uncounted films and radio dramas, she has played parts ranging from Shakespeare to burlesque, murderess to Prince Charming. But in spite of all her talent and experience she says she is, if anything, more nervous of the footlights now than when she started. All that the experience has done, she claims, is make her more sensitive to the profession's hazards and crushing disappointments.

This approach springs partly from a nervous disposition and partly from a distinguished theatrical heritage. The name Compton has spelt success in the British theatre for three generations. To Fay, acting has always been essentially a job at which she must be consistently busy and consistently good in order to discharge her responsibility to increase the family's artistic fortunes. Success means neither wealth nor fame. It means only a good performance. Once, when somebody asked her what she would do if she had a million pounds, she replied: "I'd go on acting." The only advantage that money could bring would be the chance to produce "plays that matter" without reference to the box office.

Nothing Left To Chance

Fay Compton is known as one of the most expert professionals in the theatre because she backs up her talent with unflagging energy, a serious, businesslike attitude to her work and an infinite capacity for taking pains. When she undertook the film rôle of Mary Queen of Scots, she persuaded the producers to hire an expert to reproduce costumes, sets and make-up with complete accuracy. Her own make-up, which she always studies with the intensity of a student preparing for an examination, was so effective that in some shots she could scarcely be distinguished from François Clouet's portrait in the Wallace Collection.

"Whenever she's asked to do anything she goes into it completely and thoroughly to make sure it's real," says Murray Macdonald, who directed her last play. Charles La Trobe, stage manager of the Haymarket Theatre, scene of some of her greatest successes, says she is one of the few actresses he knows to whom nothing is impossible. "Such a thing as quick changes never stumped *her*," he says.

In *Secrets*, one of her triumphs of the twenties, she was off stage a total of only ten minutes, during which time she had to transform herself completely four times. She tells of a time in the Follies, when she was on the threshold of her career, when she made thirty-two changes in one night, broken by two break-neck journeys. She was on stage at the beginning of the first house at the Palladium, the end of the first house at Stratford-le-Bow, the beginning of the second house at Stratford and the end of the second house at the Palladium, with eight changes each time.

Nobody would think to look at her that Fay Compton is one of the glamour girls of the theatre. Her once exquisite, heart-shaped face is now etched by the hands of time, worry and concentration. Her red hair, which blazed so brightly when she was young that she was always being accused of wearing a wig, is now dimmed to auburn. But her lovely, wistful eyes, her magnificent voice and the air of mischief, gaiety and elusiveness which makes some people say her name should be spelled Fey, are unchanged.

Tap Dance Of Happiness

She often amuses her friends by imitating a tomcat staring out a window, and by some mysterious contraction of her throat muscles she has learned to purr. Sometimes, just for the fun of it, she sets all her dogs barking at once with a shrill-voiced imitation of the wife of a publican near one of the numerous country houses she has owned.

One friend, who sometimes escorts her for a drink after the show, says that occasionally, in a burst of final curtain relief and good spirits, she favours him with a quick tap dance. She took a puckish delight in the coincidence that had her cavorting about the stage in Glasgow as principal boy in pantomime on the same night as her brother, author Compton Mackenzie, resplendent in robes, was presiding as Rector of Glasgow University.

Her attitude towards dress, casual to the point of indifference, emphasizes this quality. Her friends say that the only time she takes any interest in what she is wearing is when she is choosing clothes for a part. Offstage, she favours slacks, usually marked at the knees by the fresh-turned loam from her big garden in Stanmore, Middlesex, which she and her secretary work with the help of an occasional gardener.

Few people would recognize the woman in work-stained slacks as the entrancing personality of the stage. Almost from the beginning the public, overwhelmed by her beauty, talent and charm, claimed Fay Compton as its own, enveloping her in an aura of glamour almost unheard of today.

The Composer Was Blamed

In 1915, after a musical comedy success in New York, she received an offer to play in *The Only Girl*, an ambitious part with eight songs. She accepted it with little confidence, rehearsed strenuously and, at the same time, took a daily singing lesson. In the end, aware that she was no prima donna, she gave what she describes as a creditable performance. But the Press notices were almost fulsome; one critic, compelled to admit some musical deficiencies, chose to blame the composer, Victor Herbert. "Surely," he complained, "there was no need for such a high note in a simple little song."

When she played her first emotional part four years later, as Violet in Somerset Maugham's *Caesar's Wife*, the critics called her a genius and an emotional actress of unsurpassed talent. When she was Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*, one critic said that

1952. Fay Compton gives a motherly hug to Jimmy Verner, who played her son in *Red Letter Day*

if Shakespeare had known she was going to do it he would have written a bigger part. Fashion writers twittered endlessly about her stage clothes, hair styles, houses and beauty.

About the only time she was criticized was in 1916, when in one of her musicals she sang a song called "Take Off A Little Bit," undressing down to an amply modest bathing costume. "It was all terribly proper," she recalls. "I even had a brassière and corsets underneath the costume. But the public was shocked."

By 1925 she was being referred to as the actress who could do no wrong. In the minds of her fans Fay Compton was so identified with her parts that she was once compelled to publish an article reminding them that she was only acting. She got volumes of mail after she appeared as the devoted wife of an unfaithful husband in *Secrets*. The letters either praised or criticized her for advocating such patient suffering.

About the same time she starred with Clive Brook in *This Freedom*, a film concerning a woman who goes to work and neglects her home and children. Another downpour of protest flooded her letterbox, asking her to explain just where she stood on this vital domestic issue.

Neither fans nor management can type such imposing talent as Fay Compton's, but there is no doubt that they have limited it. The fans are so insistent that she must always be a heroine that managements are reluctant to star her in an unsympathetic rôle. She finds this frustrating, for she longs to play the wicked and unprincipled because they offer such scope for her dramatic ability.

Normally she wakes at nine, reads the newspapers in bed, rises leisurely, then goes outside to work. If she is not filming or rehearsing a radio play, she leaves by tube for the theatre after tea, arriving at six o'clock so that she will have plenty of time to get herself in the mood. On the tube she always does a crossword puzzle to quieten her nerves.

Her Favourite Film Rôle

She tries to avoid filming when she is in a play because she thinks if she pushes herself too hard she is not at her best. She knows how strenuous it can be, however. She and Ivor Novello made *Autumn Crocus* at the same time as they were appearing in *Proscenium*, working an average of nineteen hours a day.

She believes the best film rôle she has ever had was Amelia in Orson Welles's production of *Othello*, which recently won honours at the International Film Festival at Cannes. Welles and Miss Compton form a mutual admiration society. She calls him "Magic," because, she says, "he's absolute magic to work for." He calls her "a great lady." He has given her a photograph of himself inscribed: "To Fay, with more love than I can crowd on to a photo." She has named her handsome Boxer after him.

Orson—the dog—is one-fifth of the smallest menagerie that has ever inhabited a Compton household. The others include a long-haired Dachshund named Fred and three cats, Pip, Emma and Geoffrey. Geoffrey is the namesake of the hero of the play *No Medals*, in which his mistress starred for two and a half years.

Fay Compton holds undisputed claim to the title of Greatest Animal Lover in the theatre. Once she had as many as fifteen dogs in the house—some of them pups. At another time the livestock section consisted of a chow, two red setters, a collie, an Aberdeen, a bull terrier, two cats, two budgerigars, a canary, and a parrot who always greeted his mistress with a raucous "Hallo, Ma."

Angry Letter To Mussolini

She can be counted on to support any campaign for animal welfare and has written letters to newspapers advocating flogging for people who mistreat animals, laws to punish users of gin traps, laws to prevent the use of horses on busy streets, and a compulsory course of instruction for pet owners.

Before the war she raised large sums for the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals by organizing concerts in Maidstone, where she lived, in which many of her illustrious friends took part—including Noël Coward, Gertrude Lawrence, Leslie Henson, Douglas Byng, John Mills and Dorothy Dickson. Once, after seeing a donkey mistreated on the street in Rome, she wrote a three-page letter to Mussolini, castigating him for allowing it to happen.

She was born on September 18, 1894, in West Kensington, one of five children of Edward and Virginia Compton of the Compton Comedy Players. The family name is Mackenzie, but the only member to use it is her brother, Compton Mackenzie, a decision which his sister criticizes as "very muddling of him."

Compton was the maiden name of her great-great-grandmother. It was assumed by her grandfather, Charles Mackenzie, out of respect to the injured feelings of relatives who disapproved of the stage. On both sides of her family she has been connected with the theatre for more than three generations.

She says that she was brought up in the conviction that she would one day be on the stage and this was accomplished, somewhat sooner than her parents wished, when she was sixteen. She was at a finishing school in Paris and, "since I didn't want to be finished I ran away." This rebellion was followed by a series of unsuccessful attempts to get a start in the theatre, which were ended by her brother.

Barrie Wrote Her A Play

Compton Mackenzie was then writing lyrics for H. G. Pélissier, impresario of the Follies, and he arranged an audition for his sister. Within a year, she married Pélissier, and two years later she was a widow. Her second husband, Lauri de Freece, died in 1922, and two subsequent marriages, to Leon Quartermaine and Ralph Champion Shotter, were dissolved.

One of her childhood ambitions was to play Peter Pan. She achieved this in 1917, and when she was disappointed because she could not play it again, Barrie told her not to worry, he was writing a better play for her. This was *Mary Rose*, a fantasy about an ageless woman which was one of her great successes.

She shares none of the conviction of the critics that she is always good. She knows all her failings and is her own severest critic. "I was once so bad in *Hamlet* on tour that I made myself laugh," she says. THE END

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WINDOM'S WAY

by
JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

Belhedron was laying a trap for Jan: there was no longer any doubt about it. Anna knew her brother must be warned—and only she could warn him

LENORE WINDOM LISTENED to the monsoon rain thundering down outside the bungalow. Her nerves were almost at breaking point with anxiety and loneliness as she waited for her husband, Dr. Alec Windom, to return from the jungle.

In the few weeks she had been in Papaan, she had seen violence, squalor and human suffering. But she had also seen, with pride, what Windom had done for the natives since he had come out to this primitive South-East Asian village two years ago. His head nurse at the hospital, Anna Vidal, and most of the villagers called him "my doctor"; and they spoke those words with gratitude and reverence.

One thing, however, Lenore could not understand: why Windom should be mixed up in local politics. There had been serious riots on the nearby rubber plantation, and eleven people had been killed. Windom had sided with the coolies against Schusterman, the manager. Windom hated violence, did his utmost to prevent it; but could not bear to see the coolies treated as serfs, with neither feelings nor rights.

Schusterman fled to the capital to demand military aid. Anna's brother Jan, the rubber-workers' hot-headed leader, wanted to fight it out with the troops when they arrived. But Windom, to prevent further bloodshed, persuaded Jan and his men to withdraw to the hills deep in the jungle while he pleaded their cause.

Soon afterwards, the army moved into Papaan. With them were Commissioner Belhedron, from the capital; Colonel Hasbrook, of the American Military Mission; and Schusterman. Lenore gave a dinner party for them, and Belhedron promised to evacuate his troops and give Jan a fair hearing—if Windom would go into the jungle and find him.

Taking Lollivar, mayor of the village, with him, Windom rode out by mule—into an ambush. To his astonishment, Jan's men—the men he had done so much to help—treated them as prisoners.

Meanwhile, unaware of what had happened to her husband, Lee sat and watched the rain dripping through the roof of the bungalow. She was bored; she had begun to drink. A mood of dangerous tension was growing in her. . . .

PART 6

Orders From The Capital

IT rained. It stopped raining. It rained again. Kosti, the houseboy, had set pans about the bungalow to catch the leakage from the ceilings, and in each room there was a clicking and plopping, as if from a tiny metronome.

Towards mid-afternoon a soldier appeared with a small box. Inside was a spray of wild orchids and a card reading: *"To a most charming hostess. Tanit Belhedron."* She took them to the kitchen and put them in the refrigerator; then changed her mind and took them out again. Going to the bedroom she slipped off the print house dress she had been wearing and put on one of the three dinner gowns that hung in the cupboard. Then she made up her face

Anna stood before Lee, her raincape streaming with water. "I had to come to you, my lady," she gasped. "A terrible thing has happened!"

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

carefully, arranged her hair and pinned the orchids to her shoulder.

Back in the living-room, the drops of water fell *click-click* into the pans.

"The samba?" she said. "Why, yes—I *adore* the samba."

She smiled, held out her arms and danced. She danced until her head spun and sweat covered her body, and then she knocked against one of the pans of water.

"Steady, girl," she said. "Steady."

Returning to the bedroom, she took off the gown. Then she bathed and put on the house-dress again, and when she came out Colonel Hasbrook was waiting on the porch.

"I thought you might like to have dinner," he said.

She hesitated.

"There's a little Chinese place on the main street that doesn't look too bad."

She meant to say: "I'd love to." But what she said was, "I'm sorry——"

Hasbrook looked disappointed.

"I'm tired," she explained.

And she *was* tired. After Hasbrook left she sat for an hour almost without moving. When Kosti brought her supper she could scarcely eat it and later she simply sat again: limp, drained, doing nothing. Not until she went to bed did the tiredness leave her and then—as she had known would happen—she lay in the darkness tense and sleepless. *Click, plop* went the drops of water. Her bones ached and her flesh crawled with itching. Towards midnight she got a nembutal from the bathroom and washed it down with a tumbler of gin.

From nine to ten next day, with the cook's reluctant help, she thoroughly mopped and dusted the house. At eleven thirty it began to rain again. . .

It was one o'clock. Then it was three. He must be there by now, she thought. There and talking to them. Perhaps already on the way back . . . or had something gone wrong? Had he missed the way? Were he and Lollivar at this very moment floundering blindly through trackless jungle; hungry, exhausted, lost?

Stop it, she told herself. Stop it. . . .

It rained all afternoon. At intervals, groups of soldiers crossed the compound; occasionally an out-patient or student nurse. Once, Anna Vidal descended the hospital steps and seemed to be coming towards the bungalow, but she merely moved past it obliquely and went out through the compound gate.

It was four o'clock and then four thirty.

A while later a new sound became audible behind the beat of rain, and she realized it was the droning of a plane. But when she looked from the window she could see only the grey emptiness of rain and cloud.

Then, towards evening, Hasbrook appeared again.

"I'll be leaving in the morning," he told her. "They've sent a plane for me. Some three-star general and a State Department fellow have shown up in the capital and they want me to brief them."

"You mean about——"

Hasbrook shook his head. "Don't worry," he said, "it's the big picture they'll be interested in. Than-kar—the Reds—all of that. They'll ask some questions about your husband, of course, but it will be a side issue. As a matter of fact, I can tell them it's no issue at all any more"—Hasbrook smiled—"since he's decided to be reasonable."

"You *will* explain to them——"

"Sure I'll explain." Hasbrook looked at her quizzically. "Unless, of course, you'd like to do some of it yourself. You flew up with me once. Now you could fly back."

"Oh, no, I couldn't." Lenore's eyes were wide. "Not possibly. I must wait for Alec."

"You could wait for him in the capital," said Hasbrook. "He'll be a few days more in the bush; another week, say, straightening things out here. Then he could come down and join you. We'd send a plane for him."

Lenore shook her head. "We'll come down, together—when he's ready."

"What makes you so sure he'll ever be ready? That he won't get so caught up in his work that it's impossible? If you're already there, though, he'll have to go." Hasbrook smiled again.

"No, no. I wouldn't want to do that. But, thank you, George. Thank you a lot. I hope to be seeing you in the capital."

He came close to her. "Make it soon, Lee. And take it easy."

He extended his hand and touched her arm lightly. Then he put on his cap and crossed the porch.

While at breakfast the next day, she again heard the sound of a plane's engine, but again, when she looked from the window, there was only the greyness of cloud and rain. Then the sound faded. In its place was the drumming on the roof and the *click, plop* on the floor.

The morning passed.

Towards noon the rain slackened and there was sudden activity in the compound. A detachment of troops marched in through the gate and, presently, a short, thickset man in a colonel's uniform appeared on the hospital steps and spoke to them. Then the troops marched off and it was quiet again.

After lunch, she went into the bedroom, looked through her dresses and selected those she would take when they went down to the capital.

Then she turned to Windom's clothes and, after a search, found a total of two suits that could just conceivably be worn in a city, one a seersucker, one a worsted, both spotted and mouldy. She did what she could with them and hung them up neatly.

When she had finished with the clothes it was after four. She tried to read *Manson on Pock Diseases*: it carried her through until five. Here's one little item that's not going in the suitcases, she thought, as she put the book down.

Then there was a step on the porch and, going out, she found Belhedron.

"Forgive me," the commissioner said, "that I disturb you; but I came only to pay you my compliments."

"Thank you," she said.

"Everything is all right?"

"Yes, quite all right."

"With your husband away it is dull and lonely for you, I am sure. But he will be back soon now."

"Tomorrow, do you think?"

Belhedron shrugged. "Tomorrow; the next day; it is hard to tell. But it will be soon."

"And then everything will be settled——"

"Yes, everything will be settled."

"——the way it was agreed?"

"I am afraid I do not understand."

"It was part of the agreement, I thought, that the troops would leave the village. But this morning I saw——"

"Oh, yes, the troops." Belhedron's voice was reassuring. "They were called in for a final inspection but have left again. And now, my lady"—he bowed and smiled—"if there is nothing I can do for you. . . ."

She watched him as he crossed the compound and went up the hospital steps.

The rain stopped and then began again. Mist closed in. The very walls seemed to close in.

Click, plop.

Kosti brought in tea, left it, and went back to the kitchen.

Click, plop, click, plop.

Then, suddenly, she realized that someone had come into the room. This time there had been neither knock nor footsteps, but when she looked up Anna Vidal was standing before her. She had a raincape thrown over her uniform, but her head was bare, and her breath came in deep, laboured gasps.

She stood before Lee, her raincape streaming with water. "I had to come to you, my lady!" she gasped. "A terrible thing has happened!"

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"It is a terrible thing. So terrible." The girl seemed unable to go on. For a moment she looked around almost wildly; then suddenly down at the floor. "Excuse me that I make it wet," she murmured dully.

Lenore unfastened the cape and slipped it off her. "Sit down," she said.

Anna sat down. Her hands on the chair arms were trembling.

"You need a drink," Lenore said. "We both need a drink."

Going to the sideboard she mixed two gin-and-limes, then brought them back and set one beside Anna. The girl had gained at least outward control of herself and her hands were now quiet. But there was no quietness in her dark eyes. Only anguish and fear.

"Drink it," said Lenore.

Anna sipped from her glass and set it down.

"Now tell me. What is it?"

"The commissioner, Belhedron, and the troops—they have tricked the doctor. They are going to kill Jan and others."

"Kill them?"

"Yes. Jan, Lansang, those who are the leaders. The others they will force back to work. With no land, no rice, but like slaves again."

"Who told you all this?"

"I have heard it just now from the young girl Aminya. She is one of those who clean in the hospital, and this afternoon she is in the lavatory beside the office of Belhedron. He is talking to the colonel of the troops. He is telling that he has had orders from the capital that there must be strong action. That an example must be made. With no compromise. No pity."

Lenore was on her feet. "How do you know she is telling the truth?"

"Why should she lie to me? She is a good girl and intelligent . . . and also we have all seen the soldiers who came here this morning."

"The commissioner said they had gone again."

"No, the soldiers have not gone. They are

Continued on page 25

Announcing a sensational new novel

THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG

by AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

In two weeks' time, JOHN BULL begins publication of a sensational new novel. It is called *The Singer, Not The Song* by Audrey Erskine Lindop—and it is one of the most powerful stories ever to appear in JOHN BULL.

The Theme — of a young Roman Catholic priest sent to restore godliness and decency to a corrupted village—is brilliantly compelling.

The Story — of his bitter humiliations and the temptations of the flesh he has to fight—is magnificently readable.

The Singer, Not The Song will be published in book form in Britain and America next spring. It is destined to win high literary awards and an enormous public, and is already being prepared for the screen. First world publication will begin . . .

IN JOHN BULL NOVEMBER 29

Adolf Hitler: *Continuing the authentic story of the Nazi dictator, based on ALAN BULLOCK'S best-selling new book*

Munich, 1923: Hitler addresses a meeting in the snow. The party chairman's verdict of Hitler's first speech was: "no talent for public speaking"

HITLER'S BEER-CELLAR PLOT

ON NOVEMBER 11, 1918, Adolf Hitler, a corporal in the German Army, was in hospital in Northern Germany, recovering from temporary blindness—the result of having been caught in a gas attack near Ypres the month before. After the brilliant successes of the first half of the year, the unexpected surrender shocked both the German people and the German Army.

For Hitler, it was a bitter moment indeed. The greatness of Germany, the power of the army, the authoritarian government—all these things that he had worshipped were broken. In their place was now a democratic government which he despised, and which even included among its members the Jews whom he hated. Like many others among the legions of demobilized men who now found themselves on the labour market, Hitler, an unsuccessful artist before the war, had little prospect of finding work. But he was not interested in a steady job; he never had been. He made his way through the disorganized country back to Munich. He was still in uniform and still drew his rations and pay from the army.

When Hitler returned to Munich, he found it in turmoil. The revolution of 1918 had broken out in Munich before Berlin, and the King of Bavaria was the first of the German princes to abdicate. In February, 1919, the Bavarian Socialist Prime Minister was murdered. In April a Soviet republic was declared—and a month later was overturned with great bloodshed.

Hitler managed to get a job with the Political Department of the Munich District command, and there met Ernst Roehm, an army major who kept in touch with the political gangs, patriotic leagues and ex-Servicemen's associations out of which they hoped to form the nucleus of a new German Army to wipe out the humiliation of 1918.

As part of his duties, Hitler was ordered to attend a meeting of an obscure group calling itself the German Workers' Party, which might possibly be of interest to the army. The German Workers' Party (shortly to be renamed the National Socialist German Workers' Party) had been started by a locksmith, Anton Drexler, and

Leaders of the Munich revolt at the time of their trial. Hitler, who fled when the firing began, stands defiantly next to General Ludendorff, centr

a local journalist, Karl Harrer, with the object of fighting the anti-national and anti-militarist views which had gained a growing influence among the German working-classes towards the end of the war and afterwards. Their idea was to create a working-class party which would combine socialism with German nationalism. So far they had had little success; total membership was less than a hundred, and the committee of six had no idea of how to appeal to the masses.

Meeting In A Dingy Pub

It was only with difficulty that Hitler found his way to one of their meetings on the evening of September 12, 1919. Not more than a handful of people was present, but in the course of the meeting Hitler got involved in an argument and spoke with such vehemence that, when the discussion was over, Anton Drexler came up to him and pressed on him a copy of his pamphlet, *My Political Awakening*. A few days later Hitler received a postcard inviting him to attend one of the party's committee meetings.

After some hesitation, Hitler went. The committee met in an obscure beer-house, The Old Rose Bath. "I went through the badly lighted guest room, where not a single guest was to be seen, and searched for the door which led to the back room. Then I was face to face with the committee. Under the dim light shed by a grimy gas-lamp I could see four people sitting round a table, one of them the author of the pamphlet." It was hardly an inspiring beginning.

Yet this very obscurity was an attraction in Hitler's eyes. He was shrewd enough to realize that it was only in a party which, like himself, was beginning at the bottom that he had any prospect of playing a leading part. In the established parties there was no room for an unknown young man without a name, money or experience. After two days' reflection he joined the party as the seventh member of the committee.

The energy and ambition which had been hitherto unharnessed now found an outlet. When Hitler himself spoke for the first time the result was to confirm the chairman in his belief that Hitler had no talent for public speaking. But he persisted and the numbers rose. By the use of clever advertising he got nearly 2,000 people to the first mass meeting in February, 1920, and at the beginning of April left the army in order to devote his whole time to building up the party. Before the end of the year he was able to acquire a weekly newspaper, the *Völkischer Beobachter* (*The Racist Observer*), the money for which was secured with the help of sympathizers in the army like Roehm and General von Epp.

Such help was worth much to Hitler in his early days, yet the foundation of his success was his own energy and ability, without which the help would never have been forthcoming. Hitler's genius as a politician lay in his unequalled grasp of what could be done by propaganda, and his flair for seeing how to do it. He had to learn in in a hard school, on his feet night after night arguing his case in every kind of hall, from the smoke-filled back room of a beer-cellar to the huge auditorium of the Zirkus Krone. He had to face opposition, indifference, ridicule and contempt; he had to learn to hold his audiences' attention and win them over; most important of all, he had to learn to read their minds, and voice their grievances as well as his own.

Hitler came to know Germany and the German people at first hand as none of Germany's other leaders ever had. By the time he came to power in 1933 there were few towns of any size in the Reich where he had not spoken. He built up an immense practical experience of politics, not in the Chancellery or the Reichstag, but in the street, the level at which elections are won, the level at which any politician must be effective if he is ever to carry a mass vote with him.

Tricks Of A Demagogue

It was to be years yet before he was able to achieve the effect he had on German audiences in the 1930s. But he had already a shrewd idea of the tricks by which he was to make himself the greatest demagogue in history; they are all there, frankly discussed, in *Mein Kampf*, which he wrote in the middle of the 1920s. The insistence of a few simple slogans endlessly repeated; the preference for big lies ("The grossly impudent lie always leaves traces behind, even after it has been nailed down"); the appeal to people's passions, hatreds and prejudices, never to their reason.

The employment of verbal violence, the repetition of such words as "smash," "force," "ruthless," "hatred," was deliberate. Hitler's gestures and the emotional character of his

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY

"MR. BULLOCK'S BOOK is an achievement of the greatest value."—*Evening Standard.*

"With this book, he puts himself in the front rank of contemporary historians . . . there is not a difficult or unnecessary page."—Oxford historian A. J. P. Taylor in the *Manchester Guardian.*

"Has a consistency and force of persuasion which stamps the book with real authority."—*The Times.*

Roehm, brutal soldier of fortune, is second right

speaking, lashing himself up to a pitch of near-hysteria in which he would scream and spit out his resentment, had the same effect on an audience. Many descriptions have been given of the way in which he succeeded in communicating passion, almost physically, to his listeners, so that men groaned or hissed and women sobbed involuntarily, if only to relieve the tension, caught up in the spell of powerful emotions of hatred and exultation from which all restraint had been removed.

This verbal brutality had its counterpart in the strong-arm squads whose job was to break up rival meetings and beat up political opponents. They were formed in the summer of 1920, under the command of an ex-convict and watchmaker, Emil Maurice, and in the following year reorganized as the brown-shirted *Sturmabteilung* (Storm-troopers).

Far from using violence in a furtive underhand way, Hitler gave it the widest publicity. In this way he forced people to pay attention to what he was doing; they were impressed even against their will. No government of any determination would have tolerated such methods, but the Republican Government in Berlin was unable to enforce its authority in Bavaria, and the Bavarian State Government showed remarkable complacence towards political terrorism, provided it was directed against the Republic.

The conditions in Germany which Hitler exploited are well illustrated by an expedition to Coburg, a town 150 miles from Munich.

A "German Day" had been organized there under nationalist auspices, to make the usual noisy protests against the "intolerable" terms imposed on Germany by the Allies and the "Jew-ridden republic of traitors" which had accepted them. Hitler was invited to attend and ordered a special train into which he packed six or seven hundred men, complete with a military band and swastika banners.

At Coburg Station, they were met by a police officer, who forbade them to enter the town in formation with banners unfurled or band playing. Hitler took not the slightest notice. He ordered his men to fall in and marched through the streets with drums beating and colours flying, in a deliberate attempt to provoke the Socialists and the trade unions. A fierce battle broke out in the streets, and was continued with raids and counter-raids all through the night. But the Nazis had their way and filled the front pages of a good many German newspapers the next day. They returned to Munich cock-a-hoop at their petty triumph. Their open defiance of the law was allowed to go unpunished.

The roughnecks Hitler was attracting to the party by this sort of exploit, and his violent unrestrained oratory, had already led to a crisis in the committee. Hitler's attempt to override the other members aroused much resentment. In the summer of 1921, while he was absent in Berlin trying to link up similar groups in North Germany, the committee staged a revolt. Hitler immediately returned and offered his resignation. This put the committee in an awkward position. They knew perfectly well who had brought the party so far and who found the scanty funds on which they depended, as well as the publicity. Seeing his advantage, Hitler demanded dictatorial powers and the resignation of the committee. He got his way.

Hitler's "Old Fighters"

After the row in 1921, Hitler had a free hand with the party. The committee was swept away, and Max Amann, ex-sergeant-major of the List Regiment, put in to run the business side. Bit by bit, they accumulated office furniture, files, a typewriter and a telephone. By February, 1923, they were able to bring out the *Völkischer Beobachter* as a daily. At the same time Hitler was beginning to gather round him a group of men with whom ten years later he came to power. Some of the best-known Nazis were among the "Old Fighters" of the Munich days.

The two men who were to play the biggest rôles in the party after Hitler were Hermann Goering and Ernst Roehm. Goering, whose father had been a German Consul General, had joined the Officer Corps before 1914, and during the war became one of Germany's best-known fighter pilots. An impetuous, exuberant personality, he found it impossible to settle down in the humdrum existence of "civvy street," and went off to earn a living by stunt-flying in Denmark, then as a Swedish airlines pilot. In Sweden he met his first wife, Karin, carried her off from her husband and moved to Munich with the help of her money. Attracted by Hitler's oratory and fanaticism, he joined the party in November, 1922, and soon took over command of the Storm-troopers.

The Nazis' Go-between

Goering was then just under thirty, Ernst Roehm thirty-five. An officer with a good war record, Roehm was now serving as a major on the staff of the Munich Command. A rough, brutal man, a soldier of fortune never at home except in a mess or barracks, he possessed great energy and remarkable gifts as an organizer. Roehm had none of Goering's blustering charm; his pleasures were as coarse as his manners, but his strength of will and force of character, however vicious, were undeniable. In those early days he was an invaluable link between the army and organizations like the Nazis, who wanted arms and money.

Another man who had a great influence on Hitler was Dietrich Eckart. Eckart was a good deal older than Hitler, an unsuccessful journalist, poet and playwright, with a great taste for

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FLYING ACE of 1914-18, Hermann Goering joined the Nazis in 1922, commanded the S.A.

POET Dietrich Eckart edited the Nazi Party's newspaper, introduced Hitler to wealthy people

EX-BUTCHER Ulrich Graf. A brawling amateur wrestler, he was Hitler's personal bodyguard

The test of love

by ***NIGEL SLIGH***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

They had come to Australia to try out the new weapon. For Leighton, something else was under test, too—his love for another man's wife

IN THE PASSENGERS' ROOM at Heathrow Airport, a small group of travellers waited to be called to the Australian Flight. They looked dispirited, some mildly apprehensive, staring through the wet glass at the glazed expanse of tarmac. It was cold and windy and sudden squalls of rain battered the windows. Mackintoshes, scarves, fur coats and lined boots; it seemed impossible that in a few hours such heavy garments would be gladly discarded.

Two men and a woman sat together, apart from the others. It was as though they had become withdrawn, suffering from a sense of their coming segregation. Their hand baggage, labelled with their names, was resting at their feet: Dr. and Mrs. Keighley; R. S. Leighton.

Keighley was a man in the early forties. With his broad, heavy face, shoulders massive under a thick tweed overcoat, he was more like a farmer than a research worker in guided missile work. An empty pipe was between his teeth.

His wife was thin and tall, as tall as Keighley. She was pale and the small hat, shading her eyes, was not becoming. She had no sense for clothes although she took considerable trouble that she should be neat and suitably dressed. Not yet thirty-five, she had to wear glasses for reading; and now, without them, her eyes had a slightly worried expression. But she had a charming face, a little wistful and puzzled, and her smile was engaging.

Leighton, little older than Mrs. Keighley, was mentally repeating to himself these very adjectives. He had known Keighley for a couple of years, both working in the same laboratories at Stoke Newington, but this was the first time that he had met Mrs. Keighley. When he had heard that he and Keighley were being transferred to a newly established research station in Western Australia and Keighley had told him that he was taking his wife, Leighton had vaguely wondered what she would be like.

A bachelor, Leighton was shy with women, despite his age. Often he excused his shortcomings by telling himself that he had not had much time to spend in their company. There had been the war, then three years' research at Cambridge to make up for the gap of army service, and then the heavy duties in London. He was tall, with a sharp angular face upon which already grooves ran from the corners of his nostrils to a wide, rather blunt mouth.

LEIGHTON had an unbounded admiration for Keighley. He knew him to be a conscientious worker, considerate to those under his direction and an agreeable companion in off-duty hours. He had never mentioned his home or any interest outside his work but Leighton had known that he was married. Often, in the evenings, it was Keighley who suggested a visit to a pub or a meal in a cheap restaurant and he never gave the impression of being in any particular hurry to get home. It had occurred to Leighton that possibly Keighley was not happy in his married life or that his wife had interests which he did not share.

But when Leighton met the Keighleys in the air bus, they at once gave him the impression of being very much a pair. There was that sense of companionship, of understanding, that emanates from some married couples. Their manner to each other was extremely friendly, although off-hand. They did not say very much to each other, as though, after so many years together, words were not all that important.

Keighley greeted Leighton as he climbed into the bus, indicating a seat behind his wife and himself. When Leighton was settled, he turned awkwardly in the seat, for he had something of the clumsy slowness of a heavy man, and said: "I don't think you know my wife, Leighton. This is Mr. Leighton, Mildred."

She had turned and smiled and it was then that Leighton first noticed how the smile transformed her face. Set, a little resigned in repose, the features seemed to come alive and her pale, out-of-focus eyes shone and he could see how beautiful her teeth were. She was wearing a pair of fur gloves, short, not coming higher than her wrists, and they made Leighton think of similar gloves which his sister had worn when, years ago, they had once gone tobogganing in a severe winter. The gloves were somehow childish. One did not associate them with a grown woman and yet, paradoxically, they attracted Leighton.

At once, it was as though such mute adornments testified to her unworldliness, that she was not a woman of experience with whom he would need to be on his guard or one who would be tiresome enough to expect entertainment from him.

AFTER some delay, the passengers in the waiting-room were called to their aircraft. They gathered up hand luggage and a chill draught struck them as the doors opened. Mrs. Keighley put one of her fur gloves on top of her hat to hold it against the violence of the wind and Leighton felt the skirts of his mackintosh slap against his legs.

The passengers took their places in the aircraft. Leighton was given a seat directly behind the Keighleys. They were told to fasten their safety belts, and because Mrs. Keighley seemed to have some difficulty in managing hers, Leighton leaned over to see if he could help her. The fur gloves lay in her lap. She had long fingers, the hands, like her face, very white.

"It's all right, thanks, Leighton," Keighley said, fastening the belt for his wife.

For an instant, unbearably sensitive to other people's reactions, Leighton felt that he had been snubbed. He wondered if Keighley was jealous, but then Keighley turned and gave him a friendly grin and said that it was Mildred's first flight.

The aircraft took off and they settled themselves, trying to get as comfortable as possible; and, like children with new toys, began to sort out the books and magazines they had brought with them to while away the tedium of the long journey.

Mrs. Keighley pulled off her hat and Leighton saw that her hair was auburn, with a slight natural curl.

It was when she zipped open a bag and took from it several books that Leighton noticed she had to wear spectacles. She slipped them unconcernedly on to her nose. He wanted very

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His limbs ached unbearably, his body dripped perspiration. He checked his instructions again over the radio. "O.K.," he said, "here goes"

Leighton smiled, put his hand over hers and softly whispered her name. "Yes," she answered, and added, so low he scarcely caught the words: "I know"

much for her to turn so that he could judge for himself their effect, but she saved him the trouble of devising some pretext, for she swung round and asked him if he had plenty to read.

Somehow, although she was a stranger to him, it seemed to Leighton that already she was less so when wearing the glasses. The anxious, almost lost look in her eyes was gone.

"I shall probably call on you before we're there," Leighton said, "but I've got quite enough for the moment."

Keighley opened a brief-case and took out a long minute which Leighton recognized as having been circulated recently by their Director. Keighley made some marginal notes in his small, neat hand. . . .

THE long hours of induced proximity—although conversation was not easy in the plane—and the brief ground pauses with a few drinks in the airport bars when, tired, relieved to be out of the aircraft and yet conscious that once again they would so soon return to it, welded them together, so that by the time they arrived in Sydney it seemed to Leighton that they were indeed old friends.

Away from the laboratory, even from the intimacy of the London pubs and small restaurants, Keighley was a different man. With his wife at his side he was more human. Leighton learned with surprise that he collected British Colonial stamps.

It was strange, Leighton reflected, to see a man suddenly in his undress uniform. You knew the one facet of an individual. Generally, although you suspected there must be other sides, different moods, you were either not in a position to satisfy your curiosity or you lacked interest. Now, he said to himself, he knew two sides of Keighley: the scientist, working upon some deadly modern weapons, and this man with his stamp collection, the side that Mildred saw most often. And she, he asked himself—what was she like in the home? Did she run it efficiently? Could she cook? What was she like?

As Leighton got into bed in the Sydney hotel (they were flying next day on a feeder line to Perth), he suddenly thought how little he had garnered about her. She had expressed delight to be free of cold and winter rain. Out of her scanty hand luggage she had produced a linen frock, light shoes. The brief sightseeing which had been possible amused her. The hot, sandy fringes lying on every side of the airports; the vast, gigantic mountains, the verdant jungle; the glory and majesty of sunsets and sunrises from the altitude of the air; she accepted them with some of the wonder of a child and with a child's astonishing capacity of remaining unimpressed.

The little that Leighton did know about her was largely factual: that she had two children—a boy and a girl—at school in England; that her father, a regular officer, had been killed at Dunkirk; that she liked chocolates. That became almost an aircraft joke. She had bought for herself, at the first halt, a box of chocolates and the heat gave them a mildewed crust. But she did not care. She ate them as they were, hot, a trifle stale, saying that as she had always to give away her sweet ration to the children, nothing now was going to stop her from making a pig of herself. Keighley prophesied disaster. Mildred would be air sick. It didn't matter, she said. She loved chocolates. Shyly, at the next stop, Leighton bought her the biggest box he could find.

HER delight was manifest and rather touching. She smiled and then he had the horrible fear that she was going to cry. Her large pale eyes clouded but Leighton told himself that it was only a trick of light.

"But I haven't had a present . . . from anyone but Keith for simply ages. How kind of you."

What did she think of him, Leighton asked himself. The bed was unbelievably soft and steady after the rush and whirr of the past few days. The room did not rock or vibrate. Even the noises from the streets—so far below—were muted and understandable after the din of the passage. But Leighton found sleep difficult.

Good God, he said to himself, but this is absurd. He was thirty-six, unmarried. But—and it was a persistent, nagging "but"—he had never before wanted to know a woman as now he longed to know Mildred. Good God, he said again, it isn't even as if she was very pretty. He tried to remember again the dull hat, the pink linen dress, her glasses. But it made no difference. None at all. Oddly enough, he liked her all the better for them. And suddenly, without being

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THIS picture was taken shortly after the night when I rode the pony on which I am sitting round my bedroom.

Almost my first word was "horse." I was passionately fond of horses, even as a baby. By the time I was three my demands for a pony had become so persistent that my parents decided to do something about it. We were living in a small town in Chile. Father and mother went to a nearby ranch and bought a pony. Delivery was promised before my bedtime.

It failed to arrive, and I was sent to bed, too disappointed to sleep. Around midnight we suddenly heard the clip-clop of tiny hooves in the drive. Rushing out, my parents discovered the pony standing alone at the foot of the steps to our villa. Apparently the man in charge had been too ashamed of his lateness to hand the horse over himself.

It was left to Benjemine, our twenty-stone Chilean gardener, to carry him up the steps. By now I was loudly demanding that the pony was to be brought to me at once.

My eyes almost popped out of my head as into the nursery came a cavalcade consisting of my parents, Benjemine and the pony. I refused to sleep till I had ridden my new toy.

Benjemine put the pillow from my cot on the pony's back. Then he lifted me on and I rode round the room, shrieking with laughter. I am told that the only gloomy face in the room belonged to the pony.

After that I was rarely out of the saddle. The odd thing is that, after coming to school in England at the age of eight, I never rode again. I had become a proficient rider of horses saddled cowboy fashion. When I saw the English saddle I refused point-blank to sit on it.

Today he is a well-known TV personality. For his name, see page 39

able to examine the mechanics of it, without really believing it, he knew, quite definitely, that he was in love with her.

Having brought the word to the forefront of his mind, his next notion was one of horror. How could he possibly be in love with Keighley's wife? He would be working beside Keighley for months, possibly years. The desert station would be isolated. They would be thrown together far more than they had ever been before. It would be impossible to avoid seeing Keighley, speaking to him. And Mildred. . . . Keighley would ask him for a meal, for a drink. And all the time trying desperately to hide it, would be this weakness. How soon would she suspect? They said women had a sixth sense for a thing like that. What would she think of him, her husband's friend?

IN the morning, Leighton had the crazy idea of missing the connecting plane. To wait, to hide. But he was called by telephone at the time which he had requested; he ate his breakfast in his room and came down into the foyer of the hotel and saw Keighley and Mildred already standing by their baggage.

He first saw the blue linen back of Mildred. She wore a small white hat and white shoes, high heeled with thin straps about her ankles. And then she turned as the lift came to a standstill with a sighing of air brakes. As Leighton came out of it she smiled at him and her smile was the most wonderful thing, he thought, that he had ever seen. It made the terror of the night, the dread of the coming day, the realization that he must work beside Keighley for months to come, not only bearable but heady with promise. What did anything matter? She was there, she had smiled at him; appeared pleased to see him.

They landed at Perth. Another night in a strange hotel. Another little celebration for their arrival. Mildred put on a dinner dress. Black. It suited her better than anything that Leighton had seen her in before. And then, while they were drinking coffee after the meal, a message came that Keighley was wanted on the telephone.

"It will be about tomorrow's arrangements," he said. "They're sending a car. I won't be long."

Leighton felt his heart set up a sledgehammer beating. It was the first time, the very first time that he had been alone with her. He did not know what to say. It seemed that, after all his anxieties and hopes, there was nothing very important to say.

He said nothing but smiled and, quite naturally, put his hand over hers. They were almost alone in the room. "Mildred."

She nodded; her eyes were more than ever distraught. "Yes," she answered, and it must have been that the word was not sufficient, for she added, so low that he scarcely caught the sound: "I know."

That was all. Keighley came back into the room and sat down.

"They're sending a car at eight-thirty tomorrow. We'll get as far as Linx River that night. Early start next day and we should be at the station by nightfall."

The heat and the sand and the bitter, unvarying aridness of the desert took their toll. The spirits of the three travellers fell. And the first sight of the station, which they had after nightfall two days later, did little to cheer them. Huts, some large, some small, laid out in a horrible uniform pattern—a vast concentric circle—inside a ten-foot barrier of barbed electrically-wired fence. In the distance, like grotesque mushrooms, sprawled the white concrete buildings of the research blocks.

A guard stopped the car and they had to enter a check-post and produce their credentials. The Keighleys were directed to the married block—that meant a four-roomed bungalow—while Leighton went to the unmarried quarters.

His room reminded him of an army hut. There was a washbasin set against the wall and a notice, hung above it, enjoining him to take the utmost care not to waste a drop of water.

LEIGHTON did not see Mildred for several days after they arrived. Wives could eat in the canteen at midday if they wished but she did not come.

And then, ten days or so after they came to the station, Keighley said one evening to Leighton: "I've got to go to the testing grounds tomorrow. I may be away three days or so. It all depends how S.98 behaves. Would you be a good chap and keep an eye on Mildred for me?"

Leighton nodded, trying desperately to seem unconcerned, indifferent. The day after Keighley left, Leighton found a note waiting for him in the canteen. It was short, the handwriting round, and yet as Leighton read it, he felt his heart pound.

Keith told me that he has asked you to keep an eye on me. If you would rather not, we can make an excuse. If you would like to, come this evening after eight. M.

After work, Leighton changed, feeling a little strange as he put on a linen suit. He walked to the married block. Small, trim bungalows lined the newly-made streets like any suburban lot. A radio blared from one house. In another a woman sat in a rocking-chair while a man leant over the veranda-rail in his shirt-sleeves. A child cried, the sound thin and plaintive in the hot, still night. Cradling the stars was the gigantic back-cloth of sky—dark, like soft rich velvet—unbelievably cool and moist above the parched, withered ground.

Keighley had told Leighton the alphabetical letter of the street and the house number. Leighton saw Mildred on the veranda as he walked slowly, so slowly, trying at all costs to check his impatience. She had her hands on the rail and her arms took the weight of her body. Leighton told himself that there was a look of eagerness in such a posture, that it was as if she was as anxious for him to come as he was to see her.

"I'm glad you could come," she said.

He went up the three concrete steps to the veranda and his heart beat in time, one, two, three. There were grass chairs arranged, a table with drinks and a jug of water. She was wearing a pink linen dress.

She gave him a beer, and made desperate, inconsequential small talk, so that that extraordinary moment in the dining-room at the Perth hotel receded farther and farther away; farther, indeed, than if it had never happened. It took Leighton several minutes to realize how desperately nervous she was.

If only he understood women, he thought, he would know what to do, what to say, to put her at ease. They were like a couple of children, edging towards a grown-up's game spiced with danger.

HE drank the beer and sat with the empty glass in his hand staring at the sky as if inspiration might fall like a cloud of star dust or a falling meteor. "It's so extraordinary," he said at length and he was surprised that his voice sounded so normal. He did not look at her as he spoke but continued to keep his eyes turned upwards. "I've known you a fortnight. I can't think of anything else. I don't know what to do."

There was silence again, then she said: "There isn't anything we can do, is there?"

He brought down his gaze. She sat, hands folded loosely in her lap.

"No, and that's what's so awful."

"Why is it awful? I would much rather have met you than not."

"I have a great admiration for your husband. He's a colleague of mine. I've never fallen in love before. With anyone else it would have been perfect. It is . . . but. . . ."

"Shall I tell you one thing?" she asked softly. Without waiting for him to answer, she said: "Perhaps it's worse for you. I have Keith, my children. . . . I'm very happy indeed. I never expected anything in the least like this to happen to me. I didn't want it to. It makes me frightened. I know that I can do nothing even if I wanted to. If Keith had been different, if there hadn't been the children. . . . But you see, don't you?"

Leighton said: "Yes, I understand perfectly well. May I ask you one thing?" With a forced laugh, he added: "For information only. Do you by any chance feel at all as I do? I don't see why you should, especially after what you have just told me, but it might help."

She looked down, then raised her head and regarded him, very fully and frankly. "Yes, I do. Almost at once, when you leant forward and offered to do up my belt in the plane. Then again, oh so much, when you gave me that absurd box of chocolates, but I never once thought that you—not for an instant, until Keith had to go to the phone. I wondered, nearly all the time—I couldn't read or think coherently and even when I slept I was thinking about you all the time—if it was possible for one quite normal human being to feel as I did about another and that other not to have any

Continued on page 36

Winifred Atwell, the giggle-and-wink star

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

An old piano, and an air of having the time of her life, have helped the girl from Tunapuna to the top of the bill

The Atwell act. The famous wink was introduced by accident when something got in her eye

FIVE YEARS AGO, Una Winifred Atwell, a pharmaceutical chemist turned pianist who hails from Tunapuna, Trinidad, listened impatiently while a London agent explained that it would take her twenty-five years to make a reputation as a musician. "Nonsense," drawled the twenty-seven year old Winnie, "I intend to get somewhere sooner than that. I don't want people saying: 'Isn't she wonderful for her age!'"

With the same speed and sureness of touch that Winnie demonstrates on the piano keyboard, the girl from Tunapuna has got somewhere—and soon. The concert pianist who once toured the country for the Arts Council is now the only British girl to top music hall bills with a piano act. She appears frequently on television and radio and, in the eighteen months since she first stepped into a recording studio, Winnie has sold 1,000,000 gramophone records.

Her name now appears with almost monotonous regularity in the lists of best-selling recordings. "Winnie could play 'Three Blind Mice,' and it would become a best seller," says one gramophone company executive. "We've discovered that people just ask for a Winifred Atwell record, and not for a certain tune played by her. Sometimes, it frightens me."

Her Stage "Blackout"

The public clamour for her music occasionally frightens Winnie, whose ambition is heavily diluted with shyness. She still cannot bring herself to look in a shop window where her photograph is displayed; she is most disparaging about some of her musical experiments, and she was so nervous during her London Palladium début that she "blacked out" during the first house and is not sure how she finished her act.

To fortify herself for the Palladium audience, Winnie went on stage dressed in a brand-new hundred-guinea gown, so long that it almost concealed the fact that she wore an often-repaired pair of silver shoes. The shoes—their five-inch heels and platform soles make Winnie nearly six feet tall—are old friends that she wears when tackling an important occasion. She also carries two mascot dolls and, when recording, derives comfort from the presence of a uniformed member of the Metropolitan Police. This anonymous officer, "a really hep policeman" according to Winnie, happened to be present when she recorded one of her first hits, and his appearance in the studio is now regarded as a good omen.

The most effective innovation Winnie has introduced to her music is an aged upright instrument known as her "other piano"; this produces jangled tones, and its back and sides are removed to give audiences the visual effect of hammers on strings. Winnie assaults the keyboard with such vigour that two venerable pianos have literally collapsed, and the life expectancy of the current one is not highly rated.

Found In A Junk Shop

Her "other piano" was the contribution of Hugh Mendl, of Decca, who is in charge of all Winnie's recording sessions. Neither Mendl nor Winnie was satisfied with the effect her expensive concert grand yielded when she played the forty-four year old "Black And White Rag." Mendl's scouts unearthed an upright in a London junk shop and had it skilfully tuned to give a honky-tonk effect. This piano helped Winnie into the best-selling class and then expired. Its successor, an equally ancient upright, was hastily removed from the recording studios after Winnie's percussive playing had driven its woodworms to seek shelter in quieter pieces of studio furniture.

The jangled notes of "Black And White Rag" were a success all over the world with the exception of South Africa, where a puzzled dealer wrote that he was returning the records because he was sure that it was either a faulty recording or the piano was out of tune.

Winnie maintains that the "other piano" is in tune and that the only liberties taken with

Welcome to the Inn

beer is best

Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London W.1

it are in the unison strings. These are made to give the effect of the parlour upright that receives only an annual visit from the tuner.

The result is a piano that adapts itself to Winnie's unusual style of playing high up on the treble notes and low down on the bass. It also suits her musical signature, a theme which Mendl describes as "a giggle in her right hand—a repeated phrase as distinctive as the break in Bing Crosby's voice."

"The giggle," according to Mendl, means "I'm not taking this seriously." This attitude has cost Winnie the affection of the jazz purists but has won her a following of those who like her happy-go-lucky approach. On stage and over television, she underlines her cheerful manner by frequent broad grins and sly winks to indicate that she is having the time of her life.

"Always One For A Gag"

The Atwell wink became apparent in one of her first television appearances, when something got into her eye. She tried to disguise her discomfort by smiling, and the result was so effective that she incorporated the wink into her stage routine.

Winnie's sense of humour sometimes gets the better of her while she is performing. An avid reader of comics, she had been following the adventures of a character called Freddy, the Fearless Fly. In the midst of her act at the Birmingham Hippodrome, Freddy, or a near relative, landed on one of the black keys. It hopped on to a white note just in time to escape Winnie's finger. For the remainder of the tune, the fly and Winnie's fingers played tag up and down the keyboard, and by the end of the number Winnie was almost helpless with giggles.

"I'm always one for having a gag," Winnie says. Perhaps her most successful practical joke was played on a baritone whom she accompanied on the piano at a Trinidad concert. Winnie had trained her dog to howl in tune with a certain note. When the baritone hit this note, the dog joined in and held on. "He had a very good voice for a dog," Winnie recalls, "but his diction wasn't very good."

The dog lived in the Atwell home in Jubilee Street, Tunapuna. A neighbouring house belongs to Learie Constantine, and Winnie's combination of technical skill and humour on the piano is reminiscent of Constantine's antics and ability on the cricket field.

Athlete At The Piano

A powerfully built girl, Winnie gave up sports to concentrate on the piano, but while she is at the keyboard she expends as much energy as a professional athlete. Only five feet six and a half inches tall, Winnie has a regal appearance on stage which, to her dismay, has led some critics to refer to her as a "strapping six-footer." Apart from her high heels, the effect of height is conveyed by her style of playing in the bass and treble, which gives the impression of a tremendous reach.

When she was a child, Winnie's feet would not reach the pedals, and in her Jubilee Street home she had stilts built on the piano. "Jubilee Street" is now the title of an Atwell composition which Winnie dashed off in twenty minutes before a recording session. An inveterate worrier, she never makes her musical arrangements until the day before she is to record.

The experts said it would be a mistake to record "Jubilee Street," but Winnie persuaded them to change their minds. It was issued and has sold about 100,000 copies. One of these was bought by Winnie herself—so that she could copy down the notes for her publisher. She had forgotten exactly what she had written and recorded.

Winnie's ability to gauge public taste has earned her the respect of the record makers and, unlike other recording artists, she is given considerable say in selecting tunes. She is even getting her wish to make more classical recordings in addition to boogie-woogie.

"When I started in variety," Winnie says, "I thought I could keep on with the classics in the daytime. It didn't work out that way." Winnie's first music hall engagement was at the Belfast Empire, where she appeared twice a day for six days. She still treasures the critic's notice that called her "a most accomplished variety artist."

That notice, and her first few engagements, gave Winnie the confidence to write home saying she would no longer need an allowance. A few weeks later she learned that, although variety engagements can pay well, they are not as regular as cheques from home.

Then, at a critical moment, Winnie got a break that put her music hall career on a firm basis. Carole Lynn was unable to appear at a Sunday concert at the London Coliseum. An agent named Keith Devon booked the unknown Winifred Atwell in her place.

Devon had not heard Winnie play before giving her this chance, and for the life of him he cannot recall why he did it. Winnie was so successful at the Coliseum that Devon asked her to make a quick trip to the Casino to appear in another programme that same afternoon. For each performance, Winnie got £15.

Today she is still represented by Devon, but instead of receiving a flat fee she is paid on the basis of a percentage of the box office returns; this rarely drops below £500 a week.

A maxim in the variety business is that a single piano act must be able to draw its own special following before it can top the bill. Winnie's records provide proof of her admirers, and helped to boost her to a top spot at the London Palladium.

Calypso In Her Honour

Her success has not gone unnoticed in Trinidad, where nine-year-old Martin Albino recently won a carnival prize with his calypso dedicated to the girl from Tunapuna. The ballad's refrain runs:

The piano was playing tunes galore,
The people applauding, "we want more!"
We hope she will return very soon
To give us some more of her lovely tunes.

The "lovely tunes" refers to Winnie's ragtime and boogie-woogie. "I take traditional tunes and do things to them," Winnie says. "I never fool around with the classics."

Her boogie-woogie phase began with a wartime bet made by some men of the Fleet Air Arm stationed at Piarco base in Trinidad. They dared the young Miss Winifred Atwell, the concert pianist, to play them some jazz. Winnie replied by composing "Piarco Boogie" for them, and unconsciously set herself on the way to fame.

It has been a long road for the little girl who, at the age of six, sat down before a church organ to play at a friend's wedding. Somehow, instead of the Wedding March, she found herself playing the Dead March. The girl from Tunapuna has been attracting attention ever since. THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Why blame others?

WHEN you lose your temper, mind you vent your anger on the right person. So many people blame others for things they themselves have done!

The small boy who fell down and said angrily to his nurse: "Why did you let me hurt myself?" was trying to put responsibility where he felt it belonged. But to flare up at someone else for your own errors is to confess complete lack of self-control.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

TAKE MY TIP

CASTORS on chairs often ruin parquet, wood block and lino-covered floors. To prevent this, I remove the castors with a screwdriver and pliers, smooth the surface, and glue on a square of felt about half an inch thick. If this makes the chair too low, a block of wood can be glued on before fixing the felt.—Tom Hewitt, South Elmsall, near Pontefract, Yorks.

JOHN BULL pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

WINDOM'S WAY

Continued from page 16

hidden in an old warehouse behind the hospital."

There was a pause.

"Who else knows about this?" Lenore asked.

"No one," said Anna.

"Only you and this girl?"

"Yes. I made her promise to tell no one. If it is known in the village what they plan to do, I cannot think what awful things will happen."

There was another pause.

"I'm going to the commissioner," said Lenore.

Anna shook her head. "It will do no good. He will say it is not his decision but that of the government."

Lenore walked distractedly across the room and looked out of the window across the empty compound. When she turned back Anna, too, was standing.

"There is only one thing to do," said the girl. "To go to Jan and the others before they come. To warn them not to."

"But who can?"

"*I* can," said Anna. "It will soon be night and I can leave the village without being seen. On the road I will find a mule or ox-cart, and by morning I will be at the head of the valley."

"But you can't go into the jungle."

"I will not have to go into the jungle. At the village up the valley we have friends. I will wait there until the men come and then I will tell them."

"Can't someone else go? A man?"

"All the real men are with Jan. Those who are left here I would not trust." Lenore started to speak, but Anna went on: "No, my lady, it is the only way. It is an hour now since Aminya has told me these things, and I have thought and thought and it is the only way."

THE last trace of hysteria was gone now. Her voice was quiet. Her dark eyes were on Lenore's face.

"It is not only for my brother that I must go," she said. "It is for the whole village. And for the doctor. That is why I have come to tell you, my lady."

"For the doctor—yes—of course." Lenore's voice was barely audible. Suddenly, she was staring at the girl and her body went rigid. "Oh God, what will happen?" she said. "What will he do now?"

"I do not know, my lady. Perhaps he will feel that his place is with the men. Or more likely, I think, he will come back alone to defend them."

"But he's already done that. He's worn himself out doing it. And now, if the orders are from the government. . . ."

"Yes, I know," said Anna. "It will be hard. He is a good man, my lady. He is a great man. And it will be hard against the commissioner and the government—it will be long and bitter—but in the end he will convince them."

"In the end?"

"Yes, I am sure. I know it. He is kind but strong. He is gentle but a fighter. No soldier has fought so hard as he has: against sickness, against poverty and ignorance, against injustice . . . and now he will fight again, and in the end he will win."

Again Lenore said nothing.

"Now I must go," Anna said. "If I do not stop Jan and his men, it will all be too late." She threw the raincape over her shoulders and crossed to the door. "It is almost dark. I will get a few things, change my clothes. . . . Goodbye, my lady."

Then she was gone. . . .

Click. Plop.

"Kosti!" Lenore called.

But there was no answer.

"Lahana!"

No answer.

SHE sat down. After a few moments she reached for the glass beside her, but found it empty. The other glass, however, beside the chair where Anna had sat, was still almost full, and presently she went over and got it. Sitting down again, she sipped it slowly.

Tomorrow, she thought—the tomorrow you've been waiting for. When he would come back, when the trouble would be over. Only now not over. Only now worse than ever.

Going to the sideboard, she poured a drink. There was no more lime, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered, she thought. Except tomorrow. Except the tomorrow that was no longer tomorrow. That would be the same as before. Worse than before.

She was sitting again. It was getting darker.

Dear God. No, not dear God, dear Alec. Dear Alec, I want to be a good wife to you. But to make a wife there must be a husband. To make me there must be you.

I can be a doctor's wife, Alec. Yes, I can. I can. But this is something else, that I don't understand. And it frightens me. It frightens me more than it does the little brown girl . . . who loves you, too.

Her drink was gone. She went to the sideboard and poured another.

Yes, she loves you, Alec. And in a way, too—I know—you love her. You need her. You have gone so far from the world we knew; so deep into another; so deep into these people and their lives. You have gone where I cannot follow you.

Where is she now? In the hospital? At her home? Changing her clothes? No longer a nurse but a peasant; a coolie woman setting out for the next village. Tomorrow she will see him. She will tell him what has happened and the men will stay in the hills, and

Are you a Superman, Daddy?

I'm certainly going to be a BP Superman!

What's that?

It's a man who fills his tank with BP Super as soon as he gets the chance.

Why does he fill up with BP Super?

Because it's a superlative petrol—the best that years of research can produce.

What will BP Super do, Daddy?

It will Banish Pinking! Your BP Superman will enjoy more miles per shilling and better performance all round.

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he will come back alone, back to the village; back to the commissioner; back to the trouble. But not to me.

The room was heavy with dusk. Rising, she went towards the light switch, tripped over one of the drip-pans and almost fell. Then she reached the switch and snapped it on. She saw that the pan had spilled and the floor was covered with water.

All right, the floor was covered with water.

Click. Plop. Or was it *plop, click?*

With slow, measured steps she moved around the room, overturning the other pans with her toe. Now, on the floor, it was *plop, plop.* Unmistakably.

You must stop her, she thought. If you stop her they will all come. The men will come, too, and they will be arrested and the trouble will be over. Not only for you, but for him. All this craziness with land and rice and strikes will be settled—finished. He will be a doctor again, and only a doctor, with no more riots, no more troops, no more killing, no more fear. With no more American Army colonels investigating him. With no telegrams warning him. . . .

The trouble will be over, she thought. And we will fly down to the capital. We will go to the place called Chirikiri's, and you will wear a new white linen suit, and we will dance a samba together, as we used to at the Hotel du Cap d'Antibes. Then we will come back here. Not to trouble, but to peace. You will heal the sick and I will stand beside you.

She stood up again. Not restlessly now, but deliberately. Straight and cool. Straight and clear. She took her glass and set it down on the sideboard. She went to the cupboard and put on her raincoat. Then she crossed the porch, went out of the door, crossed the compound and went up the steps of the hospital.

"I wish to see the commissioner," she told the sentry in the foyer.

WINDOM and Lollivar sat in the bare hut, waiting. Waiting for what? Windom thought. Rain pattered on the thatch roof. Then it stopped. But the moisture still seeped up through the earthen floor, and his bones ached with stiffness and fatigue.

Hunched in a corner, Lollivar had not moved for half an hour.

"All right?" Windom asked him.

"Yes, my doctor." Then, after a pause: "What will we do?"

"Wait. Jan will come soon."

But he didn't come. No one came. Instead, after a while, their two packs were suddenly thrown in through the doorway. They had been opened and rifled, and Windom's knife was gone, but their small food supply had not been touched and he spread the soggy mess before them on one of the flattened packs.

"Eat something," he told Lollivar.

"I am not hungry, my doctor."

"Eat anyhow. You need it."

They forced down some of the food and Windom put the rest back in the packs.

As they sat waiting again, it began to grow dark.

Suddenly Windom rose, went to the doorway and stepped outside. Instantly two guns pressed against his ribs, one from either side. The guards were unknown to him.

"Where is Jan Vidal?" he said.

"Get inside," ordered one of the guards.

"I demand to be taken to Jan Vidal."

"Get inside."

The guns pressed harder. He went back into the hut. He had been outside only a few seconds but they had been enough for a quick glance around him, and now he was more puzzled than ever. The hut was one of many, as he had expected. They were in a clearing as he had expected, but the size of the clearing and the number of huts took him wholly by surprise. It seemed a village rather than a camp; a community of many hundreds rather than the hundred and twenty who had set out from Papaan.

They had joined up with others, that

"Did you buzz, sir?"

was obvious. But with whom? And how? And why?

In the hut, now, it was rapidly getting darker. Opening the packs, he groped for their flashlights, but found that they, too, had been taken. Lollivar seemed to be asleep. He sat down beside him, and felt his own tiredness enveloping him in a dark, numbing tide. . . .

When he awoke it was morning. In the grey light he rose and moved about the hut, trying to stretch the damp stiffness from his body.

"Move around, too," he told Lollivar, who was awake and watching him. But when the mayor tried to rise, he stumbled and fell back again.

Windom felt his forehead and pulse, and there was no fever. But that was all that could be said for him. His body sagged on his stubby legs, his eyes were glazed, and he was covered from head to foot with thick, half-dried mud. Dirtiest of all was the bandage on his cheek, which had become half-loosened during the night. Removing it, Windom saw that the wound was dirty and angrily swollen.

"Guard!" he called.

And presently a strange face appeared in the doorway.

"We need water."

The man grunted something and disappeared, but a while later a partly filled bucket was shoved in through the entrance. Windom washed the wound, applied antiseptic and re-bandaged it. Then, taking their food from the packs, he ate again and made Lollivar do likewise.

THERE were footsteps outside, and, one by one, five men entered the hut. The first and last were apparently guards, for they immediately stopped on either side of the doorway with their rifles at the ready. The one in the centre was Lansang. The two who flanked him Windom did not recognize. He rose and faced them.

Lansang looked at Lollivar. "Get up," he said.

The mayor got slowly to his feet. Then he swayed a little.

"He has no strength," said Windom. "He's sick."

"His sickness," replied Lansang, "will not bother him long." He took a slip of paper from his pocket and handed it to the man on his right. "Read it," he said.

The man unfolded the paper and read in a high singsong: "The Provincial Court of the People's Republic makes announcement as follows: One. That one Dai Lollivar, merchant and politician, of the Municipality of Papaan, Province of Papaan, has this day been brought before it for trial. Two. That the charges against him are as follows: (a) malfeasance in his office of mayor; (b) corruption in his office as mayor; (c) complicity in the exploitation and enslavement of the people of Papaan; (d) complicity in the wanton slaughter of the people of Papaan; (e) the giving of aid and comfort to the enemies of the People's Republic. Three. That after due process of law the court has found him guilty as charged. Four. That the sentence of the court is death."

Refolding the paper, the man handed it back to Lansang, and Lansang put it in his pocket. There was a moment's silence. Lollivar swayed again. His lips moved but he made no sound. His eyes were fixed as if he were hypnotized or in a coma.

"In the name of God!" Windom took a step forward but was stopped by the guns of the guards. His grey eyes blazed at Lansang. "What sort of farce is this?"

"It is scarcely a farce, Doctor," said Lansang, "as the criminal will soon discover."

"You're going to shoot him?"

"Sentence will be carried out this morning."

"You can't——"

"I am afraid you will find we can."

Lollivar's lips moved and a few words came out. "I ask—I beg."

Lansang gestured to the guards to take him out. But Windom stepped forward again. His hands were tight and rigid at his sides, and sweat rolled down his forehead into his eyes. "What sort of trial is this without giving him a chance to defend himself?"

"What purpose would there be in that? He would only lie."

"Give *me* a chance, then. Let me talk to your court."

"I am afraid, Doctor, that you would lie, too."

Again Lansang gestured, and the two guards moved up on either side of Lollivar. As they did so his knees buckled and they had to hold him under the arms to keep him from falling. His ridiculous pointed shoes dragged in the dirt as they moved towards the entrance.

This time it was not a step that Windom took, but a leap. He stood with his back to the door, facing the others.

"You will step aside, Doctor," said Lansang.

Windom did not move.

LANSANG nodded briefly to the guards. Letting go of Lollivar, the one on the left reversed his gun and smashed the butt into Windom's side. He fell.

The two guards dragged Lollivar out and the other men followed. Windom pulled himself to his feet and stumbled after them.

"How about me?" he called. "No trial for me? No murder for me?" He reached the entrance and stepped out. "Jan!" he called. "Jan Vidal!"

The two other guards were still outside. Another gun butt swung. He crawled back inside and sat with his face in his hands.

Later, one of the guards from outside appeared in the doorway. "Stand up," he ordered.

Windom didn't move. A rifle prodded him to his feet. As he rose there was a quick spasm of pain in his side, but then he no longer noticed it. Outside, the second guard fell in beside them and they marched diagonally across the clearing.

At the far side of the clearing they stopped in front of a hut, indistinguishable from the one he had just left. One of the guards went inside, reappeared and beckoned him in. The interior of the hut, too, was the same as the other with wattled walls, thatch roof, earthen floor. The only difference was that a rough table stood at its centre; on either side of it two boxes as chairs. And on the farther box sat Jan Vidal.

The guards withdrew. Jan stood up.

"Sit down, my doctor," he said.

Windom remained where he was.

"Very well. As you wish." Jan resumed his own seat. When he spoke again his voice was quiet and not unfriendly. "I am sorry," he said, "that we meet in such circumstances."

IT had been—what?—some three weeks since Windom had last seen Jan Vidal, but now it seemed more like months. Or three years . . . had there been physical change? Yes, some. His black hair, once long and habitually rumpled, was now cropped close to his skull, giving a square, flat-planed cast to his head and features. He was wearing a khaki shirt and heavy boots that lent him a vaguely military air. But there was more than this, something more essential and more subtle and, suddenly, Windom knew what it was. On all previous occasions when he had seen him, it had been he, the doctor, the white man, who had been behind the desk or table, with Jan Vidal in front of it. Now their positions were reversed.

"We mean you no harm," said Jan.

"No?"

"You are thinking of Lansang. Lansang is hard and bitter, and with good cause. You do not remember, perhaps, that one of his brothers was killed by Bilko's police and another by the plane at the plantation?"

Windom said nothing.

"But he knows, as I do," said Jan, "that these things were not your fault. And we mean you no harm."

"And Lollivar?"

"With Lollivar it is a different matter."

"It wasn't his fault that——"

"He was a coward and a fool." Jan's voice grew hard. "He was a traitor to his people; a tool of their exploiters. And it is necessary that we make an example of him."

"An example of what? Your own barbarity? That you can outdo Bilko?" Windom came forward and spread his hands on the table. "Jan, we're old friends. You're not that sort of man; I know you're not. Stop. Think what you're doing. Don't take out your grievances and hates on one poor, defenceless individual."

"We are not concerned with individuals," said Jan. He stood up abruptly. "And besides, it is a waste of time to talk further of this Lollivar. He is dead."

"I didn't hear any shot."

"There are other forms of execution than shooting. We have not many bullets to waste on such as he."

There was a silence. Windom's body went tight and he felt an anger that was close to sickness rising inside of him. For a moment he closed his eyes. Then he sat down on the nearer of the wooden boxes and looked at the ground.

Jan watched him. Then he resumed his own seat. "But it is not with these past things that we are now concerned," he said. "It is with the present—and the future. How are things in Papaan?

Windom didn't answer.

"My sister Anna, she is all right?"

"Yes, she's all right."

"I have been afraid it might go

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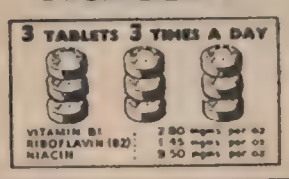

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badly for her with the enemy in the village. When we left, I wanted her to come with us. I argued with her. I begged her. But, no, she would not. She said, my doctor, that her place was with you."

A smile touched Jan's lips. "No," he said, "instead of my sister it is my mother who comes. Half the time I am not sure who is leader here—she or I."

"The leader of what, Jan?" Windom asked.

The two men faced each other across the table. Jan's smile faded.

"Leader of the Fourth Volunteer Field Group of the People's Republican Army."

There was another silence.

"How did it happen?" Windom asked quietly.

"Most simply, my doctor. We came to these hills, as you advised us. We made our camp and waited and struggled to live. We thought we were alone. But we were not alone."

"Than-kar's men were here?"

"Yes."

"And you joined them?"

"Yes."

Windom got to his feet. With all the strength that was in him he was struggling for control, but when he spoke again his voice was tense and strained.

"Why?" he asked. "For God's sake, Jan. Why?"

"They came to us. They said we could either join them or be their enemies. Now we are part of them."

"But if you find a way——"

Jan shook his head. "No," he said, "we are not looking for a way. *This* is our way: the People's Republic."

A sentry appeared in the doorway. "There is a messenger," he announced.

JAN muttered a reply. After a moment a second man came and handed him a note. Then he stood by while Jan read it.

"Tell the commander," said Jan, "that it shall be done."

The man saluted and went out. Jan put the message under a stone weight on the table.

"The commander," said Windom, "being Than-kar."

Jan nodded.

"He's here?"

"In this camp, no. We have dozens of camps, my doctor, across the width of the Northern Provinces. Soon all of us will begin new lives as patriots. As liberators of our country."

"You believe that, Jan?"

"It is not a question of believing but of knowing. Of seeing the truth at last, after being blinded by a lifetime of capitalist, imperialist lies."

"They've taught you the lingo quickly, haven't they?"

"I have much yet to learn. Our commander studied five years in China and Russia before he was ready to return here to lead us, and I know that what I have learned in a few weeks is as nothing . . . but at least my eyes are now open. I see who our friends are and our enemies."

"Jan, listen to me——"

"No, my doctor. For two years I have listened to you and now for a change it is you who will listen to me."

He ripped the recently received message from under the stone where he had placed it. "Do you see this? Do you know what it is? It is an order from our commander that in four days we shall move down from these hills and take the valley of Papaan."

Windom stared at him. "Have you lost your mind, Jan? There are troops in the village. A whole regiment. They have machine guns; grenades."

"So have we."

"And they can bring up reinforcements."

"No, that is precisely what they cannot do. In these rains, on the jungle roads, it would take them two weeks to bring in a platoon." Jan smiled thinly. "Do not worry about us, my doctor," he said. "It is your friends down there you should be concerned about."

"My friends?"

"The commissioner, with his bloody hands. Your fellow-American, who does not care for gooks. Your most charming wife, with her gowns and perfumes."

"Careful, Jan——"

"No, it is you who must be careful, my doctor. Here, for the first time, I may speak as I like."

"Yes, of course," said Windom. "Just as you like. Provided the Party likes it too." Anger, quick and hot, had risen inside him. But now, suddenly, it was gone, and in its place was something deeper than anger. "Oh, Jan, Jan . . . can't you see what you're doing? This isn't freedom you're finding. It's a worse slavery than you've ever known. . . ."

Jan tried to interrupt, but he didn't let him. Rising, he leaned across the table and spoke with tense, passionate emotion. "We're friends, Jan. You and I. Your people and I. For two years now I've lived with you, worked with you, tried to help you, and I can't stand by now and watch you throw away every chance of a decent life. I'm thinking of *you*, Jan. I know the kind of man you are; what's in your heart; what you want for your people. Don't ruin it all. Don't sell yourself and your people for cheap revenge and a taste of power."

He paused. He tried to catch and hold the eyes that seemed to be looking past him at something beyond.

"Come back, Jan," he pleaded. "The others will follow you. That is the way it was agreed, and the way it must be. I've been talking to the government people and they're reasonable. They'll meet you halfway. Come back and fight it out; not as some crummy little warlord, but as a civilized decent man. Come back and we'll fight it out—you and I together—for what we believe in."

Jan put the message back under the stone on the table. Then, without answering, he began making notes with a stub of pencil on a pad.

After a while Windom said softly: "I suppose I'll be kept prisoner here."

"Whether as prisoner or guest depends on you." Jan put down the pad and pencil and looked at Windom squarely. "On whether you are willing to co-operate with us," he said.

Windom was silent.

"Let me point out something to you," Jan went on. "There are those here who do not know you. To them you are simply a white man—therefore an enemy—and they were for dealing with you as such. But I told them—all of us from Papaan told them—that your case and the mayor's were quite different. That we owe you a debt of gratitude. I told them that it might even be possible to give you your freedom."

"Under what conditions?"

"As I said before—that you co-operate. By acting as doctor to us. By helping the sick and wounded."

"I will always do that. For any man."

"And that you give your word," said Jan, "not to try to escape."

There was a pause.

"Will you?" said Jan.

"No."

"Because?"

"Because I am a peculiar man, Jan," Windom said quietly. "I value some things more than freedom."

Jan sat looking at him across the table. He seemed about to speak, but changed his mind. Then he shrugged and stood up. "Guard!" he called.

One of the sentries appeared.

"You will take the doctor back to his hut." Jan turned back to Windom. "Perhaps after a while," he said, "you will change your mind."

WINDOM didn't answer. Outside the door a second guard fell in beside him and he walked across the clearing in the rain.

Towards noon, a man he had not seen before came into the hut. "I am sent by Jan Vidal," he said. "He asks if you have something to say to him."

"No," said Windom. "I have nothing to say."

"You haven't changed your mind?"

Windom shook his head, and the man left. Perhaps an hour later a bowl of food and a pan of water were

"I do"

pushed in through the entrance. No one else came.

He sat with his back against the wattled wall, his knees raised, his head bent on to his folded arms. His ribs ached. Opening his shirt, he pressed his hand against them, and the pain grew worse.

A while later there was the sound, outside, of men marching in step.

They are drilling, he told himself. For three more days now they will drill and prepare and plan, and then on the fourth day they will move down toward the valley. In four days, across four hundred miles of the Northern Provinces, armed bands would be moving down into the valleys —burning, plundering, killing.

Windom turned to the wall behind him. His fingers probed the wattle and thatch, seeking a way of escape.

He sat motionless against the wall, and the hours passed, and at last the light in the hut began to fade. Through the entrance he could see the gleam of scattered camp fires, but beyond the rear wall, in which he had now made a thin crack, there was no light at all and the forest was no more than fifty yards away.

He began to widen the crack. But the fibres of the walls were thick and tough, and the work went slowly. His fingers were raw and bleeding. I can't go on, he thought. . . .

And then, turning again, he saw that there was not even the hope of going on. For a figure had appeared in the doorway.

He rose silently, waiting for the guard to speak. But in the next instant he realized that it was not a guard. It was too small for a guard. Then the figure came towards him, and in the darkness he could see a seamed face and sharp, watering eyes. Jan Vidal's mother!

"Mamarta——" he said.

"You are all right, my doctor?"

"I'm alive," he said.

"You can walk? You can run? Then listen to me and you will do what I say." She was peering at him. Her voice was low and hoarse. "It is not necessary that you make this hole. You will go out of the door with me. We will walk to the right—fifteen paces, twenty—to the edge of the forest. Then you will step quietly into the forest and go back to Papaan."

Windom stared at her. "I don't understand, Mamarta," he said.

"Understand? What is there to understand?" she snapped. "Is it not enough that I help you to go?"

"But how can you do it? What about Jan?"

"Jan!" She spat out the word as if it offended her mouth. "He is no longer a son of mine. No longer anything." Windom started to speak but she went on with harsh bitterness. "No, you do not need to ask why. You know. You have seen why. What he has done to Lollivar—you have seen that. All last night, my doctor, I talk to him, I plead with him. I say yes, this Lollivar is a fool, a weakling, he must no longer be mayor of Papaan. But he is not evil, not a criminal. You must not do this thing. . . . I beg. I cry. But it is no use. . . ."

Mamarta's clawlike hand grasped Windom's wrist. "And do you know what they will do next? When they go down into the valley they will have lists of those they say are against them. Not only of the soldiers and police, but of the people of the village—women, old men and friends—and they will say they are enemies of the revolution and bring them out in the streets and shoot them."

Her voice broke. She bent her head against Windom's hand. "I have prayed that I might return to Papaan —to tell the people, to warn them. But I am too old, too weak, to go on foot through the jungle."

Windom put out his hand to touch her head. But suddenly she raised it. And in the darkness the old eyes glittered. "But this much I can do," she said, almost fiercely. "To come to you, my doctor. To help you. . . ."

"But the guards——"

"You need not worry about the guards. Tonight there are new guards and they are your friends." She called softly and two figures appeared in the entrance. "You remember Bandor, yes? You remember Dastil? . . . And they remember you, my doctor. They remember when they were hurt and beaten by the police, and how you helped them—and now they will help you. They will make a large hole in the back wall, and say you escaped in the night."

Windom looked at the two men in the darkness. Silently, he grasped each of them by the hand.

"Come," said Mamarta impatiently.

Then they were outside. Across the clearing a few camp fires still glowed.

In a few seconds the jungle wall loomed before them. The old woman stopped. "The trail is to the left," she whispered. "But there are sentries half a mile out, so do not use it until you are beyond them."

"Mamarta——"

"Go now," she commanded. "A safe journey, my doctor. And tell my Anna—tell her——" The old voice cracked. Windom bent and kissed the seamed and withered face.

Then the forest enveloped him.

To be concluded next week

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ESCAPE—OR DIE

Continued from page 9

the deck over a plank and Carson saw that it was moored in another choked canal. She was an old and dirty barge with faded, peeling paint.

Looking curiously around they followed the Kommandant along the rusty deck to a cabin at the rear, and as he put his head in the door Carson caught the sweaty smell of bodies. A dozen or so men were lounging inside, some on bunks, a couple at the table, dressed mostly in singlets and pants, and all of them looking unshaven and dirty. With a shock he saw a young woman lying on a bunk; she looked heavy and sluttish.

The Student Fighter

The Kommandant called one of the men and a big broad-shouldered young man of about twenty-four swung off a bunk and came over. "This is Jan," the Kommandant said. "He will take care of you." Jan put out his hand and said in a deep voice and very good English, "I do hope you do not mind sharing a bunk."

They found that Jan had been quite a cultured student until the Germans had interrupted his studies; since then he had become a ruthless young man, though to Carson and Parker he was always friendly and cheerful. Like most of the Dutch they had encountered, he was fair-haired. Jan introduced the others, but they seemed a graceless lot and all Carson and Parker got were a few grunts. Even the girl was unfriendly.

They dined that evening on bread and potatoes, and most of the potatoes were pitted and bad. Carson was oppressed by the smell, the surly carelessness and the general foetid atmosphere of the Biesbosch. He asked Jan how soon they could move on towards the Allied lines, but Jan said that the country farther on was thick with Germans and checkpoints, and that the Germans were taking savage measures with anyone they caught.

"Stay here and wait until your troops reach us," he said. "It will not be long now." He added wryly: "We have been waiting for a long time and it is worth waiting a little more." He found them a top bunk and Carson and Parker crammed into it together.

In the morning Jan took them off the barge for a walk and led them deep into the middle of the Biesbosch, where they came out of the narrow paths to a peaceful clearing with a canal running through it and a pretty stone bridge arching over the canal. It was warm and sunny and they stopped to rest on the bridge.

Jan was saying, "You know we are doing more than just waiting here. There is another barge. . . ." He stopped as Carson let out an alarmed cry. He was looking past Jan's shoulder, and Parker and Jan swung round and saw two German soldiers walking out of the reeds into the clearing. One had a rifle slung over his shoulder, the other wore a pistol holster on his belt. They headed straight for the bridge.

Safety Catch Off

Jan mumbled, hardly moving his lips, "Do not look aggressive. I will do the talking." Carson put his hand in his coat pocket, gripped the butt of his pistol and thumbed the safety catch to "Fire."

He saw that the soldier with the holster wore a skull and crossbones badge on his cap. Under it was a thin face and sharp eyes. The other German was younger and looked rather seedy. They walked on the bridge and stopped in front of Jan, looking wary but not truculent. The man with the skull and crossbones badge spoke. Carson got the bare gist of some questions about a nearby farm. Jan answered him in German, and while they talked the two Germans watched the three warily.

The older German must have become aware of the atmosphere. He stuck his thumbs in his belt; his fingers lay over the holster flap and Carson saw him surreptitiously pulling the flap loose from the brass stud. Parker apparently saw it too, because he suddenly drew his own pistol and yelled "Hands up!" The younger German gave a little cry of shock, jerked his rifle off his shoulder and it went off point-blank, the bullet passing between Carson and Parker. Then he was running.

It all happened very fast. Carson had his pistol out; he fired, and the running German fell on his face and started screaming. Parker was shooting jerkily, his face expressionless. His first bullet hit the other German in the stomach, the second one went through the side of the neck as the German spun round, and the third one went through his left hand; then the German went down.

The man Carson had shot was moving on the ground like a weak crab. Parker's man was making a lot of noise. He stopped yelling as Parker went up to him, and began to plead with Parker not to shoot him.

Jan said in a worried voice, "I hope there are no other Germans near. We had better go."

"We can't leave these poor devils here," Carson said. He had picked up the dropped rifle, and Parker took the pistol out of the other man's holster. The two wounded had quietened down and were gasping.

A violent rustling sounded through the reeds. Carson looked up in alarm, and then some of the Dutchmen from the barge burst into the clearing. The Kommandant was with them and looked dispassionately at the two Germans. "There will probably be trouble," he said.

Two of his band picked up the wounded men pickaback and the Kommandant led them all down a new trail. "What's going to happen? Where are we going?" Carson asked Jan, and Jan grinned. "To the prison camp. You'll see," he said mysteriously.

Prison In The Marsh

After about ten minutes the Kommandant turned and vanished off the track into the reeds. The others followed him, and not till he reached the spot did Carson see the big black barge moored virtually alongside the track. It was perhaps bigger than the other barge and lay in a canal which ran about four feet behind the reeds; it was invisible unless you pushed a foot or two into the reeds at the place where the plank led on to the deck.

Carson stepped across the plank and saw the Dutchmen lowering the wounded men into a hatchway; walking over, he looked into the hatch and the smell that came up nearly made him sick. In the square of light, dirty faces were looking up.

"German deserters," Jan said. "We have thirty down there now." He added, grinning, "We had to persuade some of them to desert."

NEXT WEEK: A ruthless game of hide-and-seek in the marshes

A CHILD FOR CHRISTMAS

THE moving story of a childless couple who gave themselves an adopted baby as a present last Christmas is one of the features of *WOMAN Christmas Extra*, which is now on sale at 1s. 6d. In its ninety-six seasonable pages, Elizabeth Allan, Gilbert Harding, Dick Bentley and other celebrities of the entertainment world demonstrate new party games; and twenty more famous stars describe their Christmas plans.

WOMAN Christmas Extra is a feast of fiction, beauty hints, recipes, patterns and jokes, rich with gift inspirations and ideas for toys to make, and containing many remarkable cheap bargain offers.

MOSES AND THE POLICEMAN

Continued from page 11

to come with me and see my sledge? I have it in the wood across there."

"With the reindeer?"

"They're out grazing. Would you like to come? Just take my hand."

As they were walking, he asked her: "Have you a doggie in your house, Eunice?"

The little girl nodded and one of the fair curls fell across her eyes. "Daddy brought one home today but he said that tonight the fairies are coming to take him away. He will be happy with the fairies, won't he, Mister Father Christmas?"

Granite Jones said briefly: "Yes, little one."

"Is that your sledge, Mister Father Christmas?" She was pointing to the vague shape of his knife-grinding machine, brown under the tall firs.

"That's it, little one."

They had moved several yards through the resin-scented wood when, with unexpected suddenness, the young policeman stepped out from behind a tree. He did not say a word. Neither did Granite Jones.

Eunice did all the explaining. "This is Mister Father Christmas, Daddy. He was going to show me his sledge."

"Oh," said her father, "shall we all go and see it, then?"

Hand in hand between the old knife-grinder and the policeman, Eunice was taken to the grinding machine. She examined it all and was vaguely satisfied. Neither of the grown-ups said anything to her. All she finally asked was: "Can I see the reindeer, Mister Father Christmas?"

"Another time," said Granite Jones. "They don't like being disturbed."

"Now shall we all go back?" asked the young policeman.

BACK at the police station, the little girl was put on her tricycle and Granite and her father went into the tiny office. They could hear her singing as she pedalled to and fro in the sunlight.

Granite Jones and the policeman looked at each other. "What were you going to do with her, Mister Father Christmas?" the officer asked.

Granite Jones gave a laugh and smoothed the white beard. "I wouldn't have harmed a hair of her head. I was going to hold her to ransom."

"For your old dog, I suppose? You must be fond of that old creature to risk jail for him."

"He's part of me, like she's part of you. A bit of my heart is tied up inside his."

"I knew you'd come back for him, Granite; that's why I didn't go far from the house."

"I thought I'd meet you, sir, between here and my sledge."

They both laughed then; they were beginning to understand one another. The policeman stood up and looked through the window at his daughter.

"I ought to start a prosecution, Granite, for trying to abduct my little girl. But I know you meant no harm, old fellow. If I let you go now, will you promise not to do it again?"

"Not till I and Moses are on the road together."

"And if the dog is destroyed—would you do the same to my daughter?"

He asked a question but expected no answer. Granite Jones put his hand to his mouth in case he should betray by a smile the gentleness which was inside him. The young policeman thought for a minute, and left the office. Two minutes later, he came in with the old dog, Moses.

"Here he is, Granite; I have given him biscuits and water."

Granite untied the length of twine and threw it into the fire, and ruffled Moses's head.

The constable asked: "Stay and have tea with us? Eunice would love to have tea with Father Christmas himself."

"I have never had tea with a policeman," said Granite. "I am too old to start such habits now."

Moses was licking his master's hands and putting the weight of his body against the old man's legs.

"Just a minute, I'll get the rest of the dog biscuits for you to take."

He went from the office and came back with a bag of dog biscuits and two Eccles cakes on a plate.

"Here are the biscuits, Granite, and Eunice sends her two cakes for Mister Father Christmas."

Granite opened the bag and put the Eccles cakes on top of the dog biscuits. Then he turned for the door, Moses keeping very close to his heels. The policeman went with the two of them to the main road. There Granite and he shook hands and the old knife-grinder said:

"I almost forgot, she wants a Teddy bear with a curly tail for next Christmas. Don't forget, will you?"

"I won't. It'll help both our reputations, Granite."

Then they nodded at each other, like two friends not knowing how to say goodbye. The constable stayed by the gate until Granite had got his machine out from the wood. After that he watched the old man and the dog tramping away along the road which led out of the village towards the uplands and the county boundary. The two of them were walking proudly along, going back to their own world of simple things. The constable knew that they had triumphed over him, but he had none of the complicated aches of usual defeat. Instead there was a cheer in his heart; he was wise enough to realize that the day had ended in human satisfaction, after an ill and officious beginning. THE END

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ADOLF HITLER

Continued from page 19

beer, food and talk, a Munich "character" with violent nationalist, anti-democratic and anti-clerical views as well as a taste for Jew-baiting. He talked well even when he was fuddled with Bavarian beer, and the younger and still very raw Hitler was much impressed by him.

Eckart lent him books, corrected his style in speaking and writing and took Hitler around with him. It was Eckart who introduced Hitler to his wide circle of acquaintances, among them one or two wealthy and well-known bourgeois families. It was a big step up for Hitler when he could stay with the Bechsteins, the wealthy piano makers, in Berlin, or visit the homes of people like the Munich publishers, the Hanfstaengls and the Bruckmanns.

But Hitler could be highly disconcerting in company. Ill at ease on any formal social occasion, he cleverly exploited his own awkwardness. He deliberately behaved in an exaggerated and eccentric fashion, arriving late and leaving unexpectedly, either sitting in ostentatious silence or forcing everyone to listen to him by shouting and making a speech.

Hitler's Party Manners

A fellow guest describes his behaviour at a party in 1923: "Hitler had sent word to his hostess that he had to attend an important meeting and would not arrive until late: I think it was about eleven o'clock. He came, nonetheless, in a very decent blue suit and with an extravagantly large bouquet of roses, which he presented to his hostess as he kissed her hand. While he was being introduced, he wore the expression of a public prosecutor at an execution.

"I remember being struck by his voice when he thanked the lady of the house for the tea and cakes, of which, incidentally, he ate an amazing quantity. It was a remarkably emotional voice, and yet it made no impression of conviviality or intimacy, but rather of harshness. However, he said hardly anything but sat there in silence for about an hour; apparently he was tired. Not until the hostess was so incautious as to let fall a remark about the Jews, whom she defended in a jesting tone, did he begin to speak, and then he spoke without ceasing.

"After a while he thrust back his chair and stood up, still speaking, or rather yelling, in such a powerful, penetrating voice as I have never heard from anyone else. In the next room a child woke up and began to cry. After he had for more than half an hour delivered a quite witty but very one-sided oration on the Jews, he suddenly broke off, went up to his hostess, begged to be excused and kissed her hand as he took his leave. The rest of the company, who apparently had not pleased him, were only vouchsafed a curt bow from the doorway."

Gang Of Roughnecks

Hitler had other less presentable companions in those early days: Heinrich Hoffmann, the one man who was allowed to photograph the Fuehrer and who later introduced him to Eva Braun, one of the girls in his photographer's shop; Christian Weber, a former horse-trader who had worked as a "chucker-out" at a disreputable Munich dive; Ulrich Graf, Hitler's personal bodyguard, a butcher's apprentice and amateur wrestler with a great taste for brawling; Julius Streicher, an elementary schoolteacher at Nuremberg, who founded *Der Stürmer* (The Storm Trooper), in which he published fantastic accounts of Jewish ritual murders and sex-crimes.

Such were the men with whom the "miracle of National Socialism," as Hitler always called it, was accomplished.

In this way, by 1922-23, Hitler was becoming known in Bavaria as the leader of one of the numerous small but violent extremist movements with which German politics were afflicted after the war. He was virtually unknown outside of the south, and not many people in Bavaria took him seriously; the Nazis were unrepresented either in the national parliament (Reichstag) or in the local State parliament; the party was always hard-up for money and its total membership was only a few thousands.

But this did not stop Hitler thinking in terms of seizing power in Germany by force, and carrying out north of the Alps a repetition of Mussolini's success in Italy where, in October, 1922, the so-called "March on Rome" placed the Fascist leader in the highest political office.

By a curious and unforeseeable coincidence of events, 1923 was to give him a chance to try.

Germany In Chaos

The situation in Germany had failed to improve with the passage of time. Insecurity and hatred haunted the land—hatred not only against the French and British who had won the war and imposed their terms on Germany, but hatred against the Republican régime which the extremists of both the Left and the Right were itching to overthrow.

In 1923 this long drawn-out double crisis was brought to a head by the French decision to march troops into the Ruhr on the excuse that the Germans were not keeping up their reparation deliveries, and by the total collapse of the German currency.

In normal times, the rate of exchange was four marks to a dollar; by August 1, 1923, it had become a million marks to a dollar; by November 1, a hundred and thirty thousand million. Trade came to a standstill; throughout Germany there was unemployment, bankruptcy, hunger and despair.

Such a situation, in which the authority of the State was shaken to its foundations, suited Hitler admirably. The trouble was that it had come too soon, before he had the following or the backing to play a major rôle.

His one chance lay in persuading others who commanded greater resources and authority to take action along the lines he wanted and in co-operation with him. This was not at all easy: he knew none of Germany's political leaders and had no influence at all with the big parties.

Refused To Revolt

The situation in Bavaria, however, was a little more promising. The Bavarian State Government was on bad terms with the central government in Berlin. There was much talk in Munich of breaking away from the German Republic and re-establishing the Bavarian Monarchy, even of setting up a separate South German State to include Austria as well as Bavaria.

Hitler's first efforts to persuade the Bavarian Government and General von Lossow, who commanded the troops stationed in Bavaria, to launch a civil war and march on Berlin met with no success. His frustration found expression in more and more violent speeches.

"Until the present day the half-hearted and the lukewarm have remained the curse of Germany. . . . For liberation something more is necessary than an economic policy: if a people is to become free, it needs pride and will-power, defiance, hate, hate and once again hate."

With the end of the summer, the circumstances appeared more favourable. The French were still in the Ruhr, the fall in the value of the mark continued, and the government in Berlin temporized and fumbled in face of problems which threatened to overwhelm it. Stresemann, who took office as Chancellor during August, soon decided that the only way to avoid disaster was to call off the campaign of passive resistance against the French in the Ruhr and Rhineland.

Nothing could have suited Hitler better. During September he had succeeded in effecting a union of several of the inveterately quarrelsome and jealous Patriotic Leagues, and he had secured the benevolent patronage of General Ludendorff, the greatest military figure of the war on the

Continued on page 35

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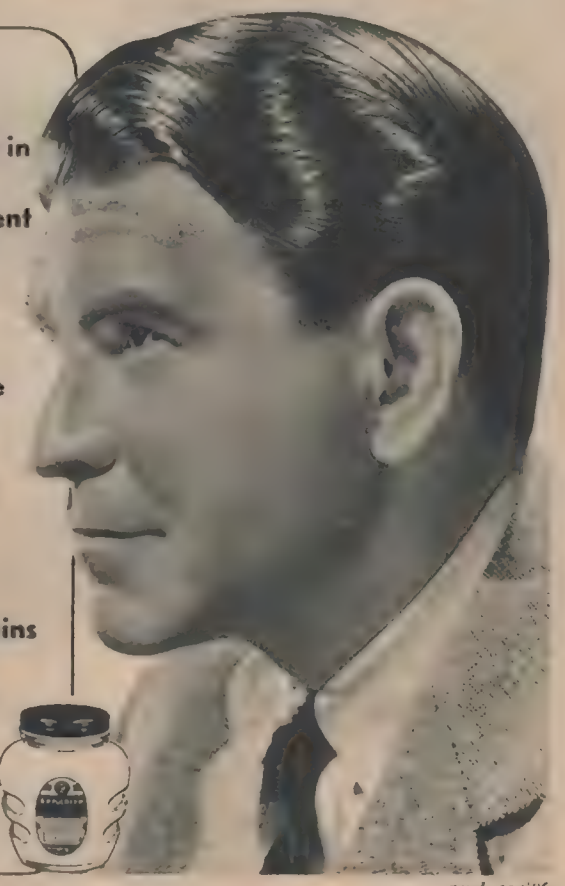

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ADOLF HITLER

Continued from page 32

German side, an outspoken nationalist and a bitter enemy of the Republic.

In matters of politics, Ludendorff was a fool. But this did not worry Hitler, who had cast the general for the rôle of a figurehead: Ludendorff brought a great name to his support without endangering the control of policy Hitler meant to keep in his own hands.

On September 26, the Government in Berlin announced its decision to end passive resistance and resume reparation deliveries. It was the signal for which Hitler had been waiting. He ordered his S.A. men, now numbering 15,000, to stand by, and announced fourteen mass meetings in Munich alone.

Banned Nazi Rallies

The Bavarian Government was highly alarmed by Hitler's preparations. It appointed Gustav von Kahr, a well-known Bavarian politician of the Right, to act as State Commissioner with dictatorial powers. Kahr promptly used his powers to ban Hitler's fourteen meetings and refused to give way when Hitler, beside himself with rage, screamed that he would answer him with bloody revolution.

But relations were so strained between Bavaria and the central government that Kahr refused to carry out orders from Berlin, to suppress the Nazi paper or to arrest the military leaders of the Union of Patriotic Leagues which Hitler and Roehm had created, the *Kampfbund*. Berlin then went over Kahr's head and ordered von Lossow to act in his place. But Lossow let himself be persuaded by Kahr into disobeying his orders.

When Lossow was removed from his post by Berlin, Kahr went still farther: he announced that von Lossow would retain his command, and exacted a new oath of allegiance to the Bavarian Government from the troops inside Bavaria. This was an open breach of the constitution. It was now, Hitler declared, only a question of whether Munich marched on Berlin, or Berlin on Munich.

But Kahr and Lossow put off taking any final step on the excuse that the situation was not yet ripe for the drastic action Hitler urged on them. By the beginning of November, Hitler concluded that the only way to get Kahr and Lossow to move was to burn their boats for them.

It was announced that Kahr would address a big meeting at the Bürgerbräu Keller, one of Munich's biggest assembly halls, on the night of November 8. Hitler was convinced that Kahr would use the occasion to proclaim the restoration of the Bavarian monarchy, even perhaps Bavarian independence. He determined to forestall him and try to capture the Bavarian leaders for his own plan of a national, not a Bavarian, revolution.

Adolf's Big Bluff

Shortly after Kahr had begun to speak on the evening of November 8, S.A. Storm-troopers surrounded the hall and Hitler burst in at the head of a group of armed men. He leapt on to a table and fired at the ceiling to attract attention, then pushed his way on to the platform.

"The National Revolution has begun," he shouted. "This hall is occupied by six hundred heavily armed men. No one may leave the hall. The Bavarian and Reich governments have been removed, and a provisional National Government formed. The army and police barracks have been occupied, troops and police are marching on the city under the swastika banner."

This was bluff and a tissue of lies, but nobody in the hall could be sure of this: after all, there were S.A. men surrounding the place and a heavy machine gun mounted in the vestibule.

Leaving Goering to keep order in the hall, Hitler pushed Kahr, General von Lossow, and Colonel Seisser, the Chief of Police, into a side room. Waving his gun in a highly excited manner and looking half out of his mind, he demanded that they should join him at once. "No one leaves this room alive without my permission," he cried. "I have four shots in my pistol. Three for my collaborators if they abandon me. The last is for myself."

When the three men still refused to be impressed, Hitler dashed out into the hall and announced that they had agreed to help him to form a new German Government in which he, Hitler, would take over the direction of policy and Ludendorff (who had been urgently summoned from his home) the command of the army. This announcement, for which he had no authority, changed the mood of the crowd and was greeted with cheers.

At this moment, Ludendorff arrived. He was angry with Hitler for springing a surprise on him and furious at the distribution of offices which was to make Hitler, and not himself, dictator of Germany. But he kept his temper under control and advised the others to collaborate.

After more argument and more promises from Hitler, agreement was reached and they all filed back into the hall in apparent unity. The audience climbed on their seats and cheered, while the group on the platform shook hands, swore mutual loyalty and listened to an exultant speech from Hitler.

Behind The Barricades

Roehm, in the meantime, had seized the army's district command in the Bavarian War Ministry and barricaded himself in behind barbed-wire and machine guns. The main forces at Hitler's disposal, however, were kept over on the other side of the River Isar, sleeping on the floor of the Bürgerbräu Keller or bivouacking in the gardens. By morning on November 9, fresh arrivals had brought their numbers up to some 3,000 men.

But Hitler was still relying on the co-operation of Kahr and Lossow. Apart from Roehm's independent action, the night was allowed to pass without the seizure of a single key position. Although Hitler and the other leaders became more and more anxious at the absence of any news from their so-called collaborators, it was dawn before they made up their minds that the *coup* had miscarried and, leaving Roehm to hold out in the War Ministry, retired to the Bürgerbräu Keller across the river.

There they learned that Kahr had denounced the promises extorted the night before, transferred the Bavarian State Government to Regensburg and ordered the dissolution of the *Kampfbund* and the Nazi Party. Lossow at the same time was bringing in the outlying garrisons and concentrating the army's available forces in Munich.

Opinion among the Nazi leaders was divided. It was Ludendorff who persuaded Hitler, against his better judgment, to order a march into the city and try to recapture the initiative by bluff.

Ludendorff was convinced that the army would never fire on him, the legendary figure of the world war, and Hitler seems to have believed that public opinion in Munich could still be won over to their side.

So, shortly after eleven o'clock on the morning of November 9, a column of two to three thousand men left the Bürgerbräu Keller and headed for the centre of the city. Goering persuaded the police guarding the Ludwig Bridge to let them pass with the threat of shooting hostages taken during the night.

Hitler marched in the middle of the front row with a loaded pistol in his hand. Crowds thronged the streets, and there was an atmosphere of excitement and expectation.

From the Marienplatz the column swung down the narrow Residenzstrasse towards the Odeonsplatz, singing as it went. Beyond lay the War Ministry where Roehm was now besieged by the army. The time was half-past twelve.

The police, armed with carbines, were drawn up in a cordon across the end of the street to prevent the column debouching on to the broad Odeonsplatz beyond. The Storm-troopers completely outnumbered the police, but the narrowness of the street prevented them bringing their superior numbers to bear.

Who fired first has never been settled. Ulrich Graf, Hitler's bodyguard, ran forward and shouted to the police officer: "Don't fire, Ludendorff and Hitler are coming," while Hitler cried out: "Surrender!"

At this moment a shot rang out and a hail of bullets swept the street. The first man to fall was Hitler's neighbour in the front rank, with whom Hitler had been marching arm-in-arm. Hitler fell with him, either pulled down or seeking cover. The shooting lasted only a minute, but sixteen Nazis and three police already lay dead or dying in the street. Goering was badly wounded and was carried into a house. Weber, another of the leaders, stood against the wall weeping hysterically. One man alone kept his head. Erect and unperturbed, General Ludendorff, with his adjutant by his side, marched steadily on, pushed through the line of police and reached the square beyond.

The situation might still have been saved, but not a single man followed him. Hitler at the critical moment lost his nerve. Scrambling to his feet, he stumbled back towards the rear of the column and let himself be pushed into a yellow motor car on the Max Josef Platz.

His shoulder was dislocated, he was in great pain and he probably believed himself to have been wounded. But there was no denying that, under fire, the Nazi leaders had broken and fled, Hitler the first.

Two days later he was arrested in his hiding-place at Uffing, where he was being nursed by a comrade's mother and sister. Goering escaped over the Austrian frontier.

Hitler On Trial

Never was Hitler's political ability more clearly shown than in the way he recovered from this setback. He had to stand his trial, but it was held in Munich and the full story of the events leading up to November 8-9 was one which most of the Bavarian political leaders were only too anxious to avoid being made public. Hitler exploited this situation to the full.

The chief witnesses for the prosecution—Kahr, Lossow and Seisser—had all been heavily implicated in conspiracy against the Republican Government. Hitler cleverly recovered the initiative by assuming full responsibility for the attempt to overthrow the Republic and, instead of apologizing for his crime, or trying to belittle its seriousness, indignantly reproached Lossow, Kahr and Seisser with the responsibility for the failure of the attempt. This was a very effective way of appealing to nationalist opinion and turning the tables on the prosecution.

Towards the end of the trial, which was widely reported in the world's Press, Hitler virtually dominated the court and although he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment (the minimum sentence, soon reduced) he won a wider and more sympathetic hearing than he had ever achieved before.

Heroes Of Propaganda

In later years, Hitler again showed his skill by going out of his way to build up the failure of the Munich rising into one of the great propaganda legends of the Nazi movement. Year after year, he went back to address the Nazi Old Guard in the Bürgerbräu Keller on the anniversary of November 8, and the next morning on the Odeonsplatz solemnly recall the martyrs of the movement who had died for their faith.

When the bodies of the sixteen dead of 1923 were re-interred in a new memorial in 1935, Hitler declared: "They now pass into the German immortality. For us they are not dead. These temples are no crypts: they are an eternal guard post. Here they stand for Germany and keep guard over our people. Here they lie as true witnesses to our movement."

These were the men whom, twelve years before, Hitler had left dying in the street while he fled. By skilful and unscrupulous propaganda he turned the fiasco of 1923 and his own failure as a leader into retrospective triumph.

NEXT WEEK: The behind-the-scenes intrigue that brought Hitler to power

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

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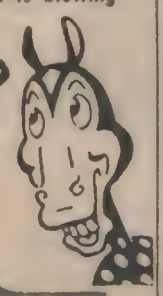

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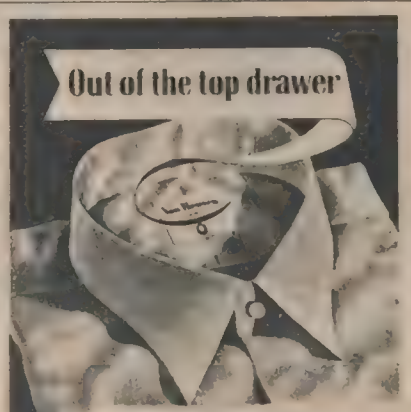

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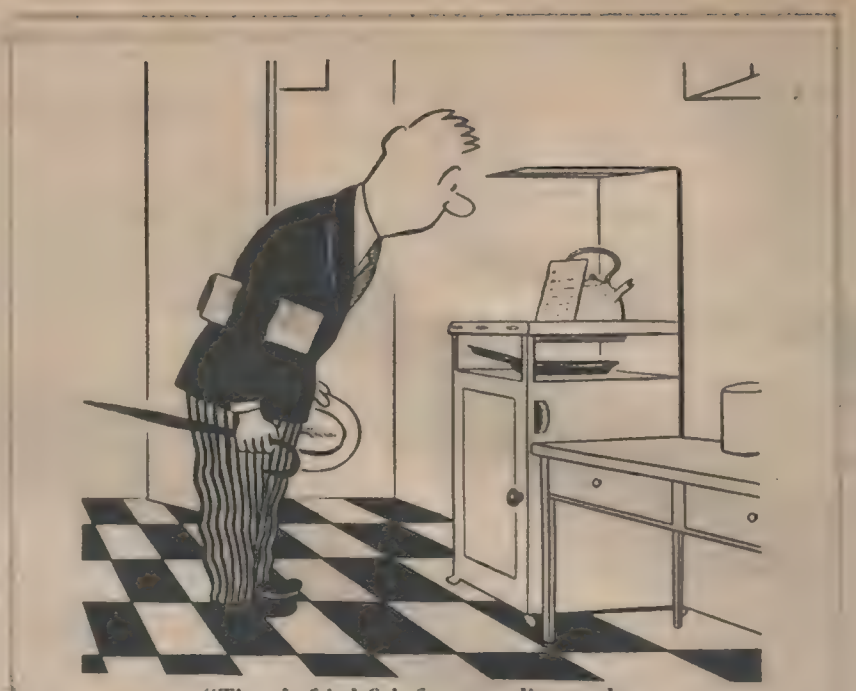

"There's fried fish for your dinner, dear —I hope you remembered to get it . . ."

THE TEST OF LOVE

Continued from page 22

affection in return. I had made up my mind. Whatever happened, nothing on earth would have induced me to give myself away. I can act quite well if I try. Now can *I* ask you one thing?"

Leighton dragged his chair closer to hers, taking both her hands in his. Guiltily, he glanced round but she shook her head and said that the bungalows opposite were still empty.

"What do you want to ask me?" he said very gently.

"Why did you fall in love with me? I'm not pretty. I know I'm dreadfully bad about clothes although I try awfully hard. I wear glasses. I'm not young. Tell me."

"I can't," Leighton said distinctly. "I simply can't. All I can tell you is that suddenly, at Heathrow, when we were waiting in that awful room and I felt a bit on edge—I always do before I fly—you smiled. What made you smile, I don't know. But you were beautiful then."

"Oh, what nonsense," she said, but she said it very softly, as though she did not want too much to emphasize the words.

"Then. . . oh, it's quite absurd. . . I can't possibly tell you," he said.

"Please, you must."

"Those rabbit gloves of yours. My sister had a pair like them. We went tobogganing and it made me feel that I could know you. . . that you wouldn't do anything hurtful."

She laughed, not at his foolishness but for joy. "How sweet of you. Perhaps that's what I liked so much about you. Most men one sees have such a horribly knowing look. They stare at you and you feel there is nothing they don't see. And yet. . . you did look interested. You noticed me."

"And then you took off your hat. I adored your hair. Your hands too."

"What a lot you notice!"

She laughed again and he thought how beautiful she was. Very slowly, giving her the chance to draw away, he leant towards her, but the only thing he noticed was that her eyes dilated until they looked more surprised than they generally did when she had not got her glasses on.

He put out his arms and felt her hands link themselves behind his neck. He kissed her full on the lips and she kissed him. It was a long, slow kiss. It seemed entirely inevitable as though nothing had to be devised or planned to bring it about. Then he found that he was drawing her up but once again there was no premeditated thought behind his action. They stood, her body soft against his, her mouth warm and then he felt her push herself gently away from him and her arms unfasten themselves from his neck.

"No, darling. No, we can't."

He let go of her so suddenly that she almost fell and he ran down the three steps of the veranda. She called after him: "Darling, have I hurt you? I didn't mean to. You will let me see you again?"

He came back slowly to the rail and put one hand over hers, as he had done in the dining-room of the hotel. She lowered her face and they kissed again, very chastely this time.

"I'll come tomorrow," he said.

But in the morning Leighton was wakened early by a message to say that there had been an urgent call from Keighley for him to go to the testing grounds. A car took him from the station and the driver drove at high speed, bumping, swerving to avoid the deep pot-holes.

It was nightfall before they reached the grounds. A man, waving a torch, slowed them down and Leighton saw the silhouette of tents. The man spoke to the driver. The torch waved towards a tent and Leighton walked to it.

Keighley had his head out of the flap, a pipe between his teeth. "Sorry about this," he said. "Come in and I'll tell you. You'll have to share with me tonight. I got them to put in some bedding."

A lantern swung from a tent pole and by its light Leighton saw that Keighley had arranged their bedding side by side, a vacuum flask and cups and a plate of sandwiches on a table. Keighley waved to the food.

Leighton bit into a sandwich. "What happened?" he asked.

"God knows. We fired off four S.98s. They performed all right. 3.9. 3.89, 3.89, four miles. Close enough together to please the military. Then they wanted to see if we could increase the elevation a little. I made the fuse adjustments. The first two were fine. Accurate enough for close support, dead on the object line. Then they wanted them shorter, something under three and a half miles. I made the alterations and this time the first fell badly short. About 2.7 miles. Dud. We tried again. Got the same results again. I let off a third and it was the same again. I tried another then at the first range and it performed well enough."

"What did you have to set the fuse at," Leighton asked, "for the shortest range?"

Keighley told him. He felt under the blankets of his bed and pulled out a notebook. "Here are the exact fuse calculations."

Leighton held the book up to the lantern and checked the figures. "They look all right." Then he put down the

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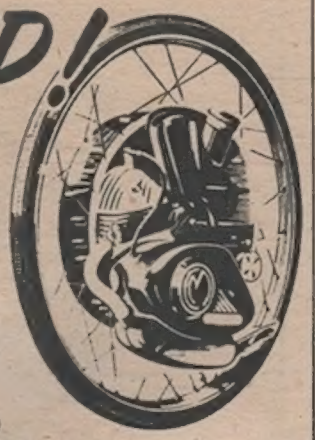

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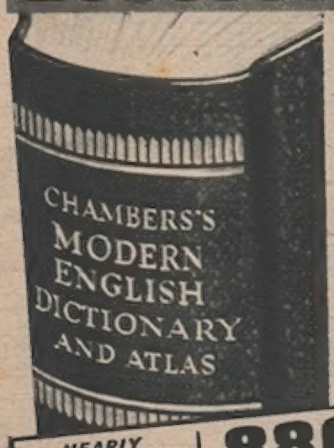

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"Now let's hear *your* version"

book and turned to Keighley. "Did the army blow the duds?"

Keighley shook his head.

"Good," Leighton said.

"They wanted to but I insisted I must check them first. That's why I wanted you here. I'm going forward tomorrow and I want you to be this end to take down my observations."

Suddenly, as Keighley spoke, Leighton thought of Mildred. He wondered what she was doing. About this hour last night he had been with her, on the veranda. The remembrance that he had kissed her came vividly to him. This man, sitting beside him, with the notebook filled with calculations and observations, was her husband. Tomorrow he was going forward to dismantle a live rocket. He would take it to pieces, calling back over the short-wave radio his discoveries. If anything went wrong. . . .

Mildred had said that she would never take any steps because of Keighley, because of the children. But if anything happened to Keighley. . . .

Leighton went to bed but he did not sleep. He lay, hearing Keighley's steady breathing. Had Keighley ever loved Mildred as Leighton now loved her? Had she felt for him a tenth of the love she now had for this stranger, himself? Then Leighton knew, with the certainty of foreboding, that the short-range, army support rocket was not going to behave itself, that there would be an accident, that Keighley, if he did the job, would be killed. And he knew, just as certainly, that he could not let this happen.

LEIGHTON ate his breakfast without saying anything. An army officer came to the tent and asked Keighley when they were starting. Keighley, followed by Leighton, climbed into a car.

"There's an observation post, properly secured," Keighley said. "I'll drop you there and go forward by car. As soon as I'm in touch with you over the air, let them know at base."

"The fusing was always rather more my baby than yours," Leighton remarked quietly. "I think you owe it to me to let me make the examination."

"Sorry, Leighton," Keighley said, and although his words were ordinary enough there was a slight note of emotion in them that Leighton caught. "I happen to be senior to you."

"If one of us was silly enough to get himself blown up," Leighton said, trying to make the remark sound casual, "you're going to cause the bigger gap. I would have thought that the efficiency of a team was more important than seniority."

"It's good of you, but I'm still sorry."

Then Leighton said a thing that surprised himself: "Don't you owe Mildred anything? There are children too. I'm on my own. This time I insist."

Keighley glanced at him and Leighton wondered uncomfortably if his own words had given him away. In the other's look was surprise.

"I'm sorry if I'm being personal," Leighton added.

"I'll ring through to base and see what they say," Keighley said slowly, very distinctly.

From the observation post, Keighley telephoned base. An army officer answered him. Leighton heard his voice, hoarse, crackling over the line. "I don't give a damn. My job is to blow the blighters after you've made an examination. Draw lots for all I care, but get moving."

Leighton smiled. It was ironic, he decided, that fate settled things in so casual a fashion. "That settles it then," he remarked.

"I don't like it," Keighley said.

"Nothing's going to happen," Leighton remarked. "We're acting as if it was. Why should it? I know these blasted fuses backwards."

The car took him forward, away from the observation post. As the car approached the unexploded rockets, he saw, a mile or so away, the vast craters where the explosions had occured. They littered the sky line like a miniature range of craggy hills. Light glinted on the tail fins of the three rockets, closely grouped. Good shooting, Leighton thought with professional interest.

He strapped the radio to himself and waited until the car disappeared. He gave it ten minutes, but before then Keighley's voice reached him. "The car's back."

"O.K.," Leighton called, "just going out to see what's happened."

He glanced at his watch. Nine five. Mildred would have breakfasted. What would she be doing? Tidying up the bungalow? What did women do all day in a place like that when their husbands were working? Read? Keep an eye on the clock?

Had she missed him, last evening? Tonight? He wondered idly, almost impersonally, about tonight for a moment and then he began to walk towards the group of rockets.

Suddenly, he felt very lonely. The heat was appalling and it rose about him and pressed down upon him with cruel, invisible loads. He pulled his hat farther over his eyes and a trickle of perspiration seeped down from the hat-band.

BY the time he got to the first rocket, his shirt was stuck to his back. He put out a hand gingerly and touched a stabilizer fin. It was almost red hot.

"I'm at the first rocket," Leighton radioed. "Can you hear me?"

Keighley's answering voice was so distinct that he might have been at Leighton's elbow.

"The metal's damned hot," Leighton said.

Leighton lay down in the shade cast by the rocket and began to remove the sand near its nose. He had brought a light spade and soon he had dug a hole large enough to work in. The work was not arduous but so great was the heat than the sweat streamed from his body. He paused and took a swig of coffee from a flask.

"Have got down to the fuse mechanism," he said into the radio. "I'm taking five minutes off as I'm so confounded hot."

He lit a cigarette. He decided that

he would smoke this slowly and then get to work. It was strange, he thought, to ration your life. Then he smiled. He was being a bit dramatic. Why the hell should anything happen? He'd taken plenty of these S.98 fuses to pieces before.

That was the trouble: one got emotions all muddled up with the ordinary, everyday things of life. If he was not careful, Leighton thought, he'd soon be good for nothing. He wasn't a boy, this wasn't calf love. It was all too ridiculous. She was not even very pretty. That brown hat and the fur gloves. Then he remembered that he had thought about all this before, while he had lain awake in the Sydney hotel bedroom and it had made no difference and now it was exactly the same all over again.

Suddenly, desperately, he wanted her, longed to see her. To hear her speak. He stood up and stretched and the tacky shirt came away from his body like a skin sloughed off.

He began to open the control hatch. The heat of the metal made the work additionally slow. Over the radio he reported his actions. He worked with extreme care. So far so good. This part was not difficult, he thought. Straightforward. He lifted out the fuse-box and discovered the fault, a tiny miscalculation in the electrical circuit. His voice was excited as he made the report and he caught the answering enthusiasm in Keighley's voice.

"I'm just going over to deal with the second one," Leighton said.

"That's not necessary. It's bound to be the same."

"I'd better make sure while I'm here. If it is, I'll take the third as read and we can get the military to blow them."

"All right," Keighley said, "but take care."

"You bet."

He walked the few yards to the second rocket and once again began to dig. As he drove the spade into the soft, powdery sand, he realized how tired he was. His arms, his back, ached unbearably. There seemed to be no more sweat to stream from his parched body. He paused and finished the coffee.

He told Keighley how he was faring. This one was going to be more difficult, for the control hatch was on the under side and it would mean lying beneath the angle of the rocket and working it loose by degrees.

He did not say anything to Keighley about the hatch, merely saying that he was working more slowly as he was tired.

Deep in his excavation, he wriggled his shoulders beneath the rocket. Even the metal that had been buried was so hot that he winced as the first contact burnt him through the sweat-soaked shirt. Once again, he repeated through the radio his exact procedure. He spoke slowly, although his breathing was jerky, making Keighley acknowledge each sentence.

"Looks as if it's going to be the same trouble over again," he said. "O.K. Here goes."

The position was damned awkward. It meant levering himself up on one arm and the stretch of his muscles made his fingers twitch. The trouble was that he was so tired. He must have been on the job well over three hours. For an instant he let his head sag back towards the heaped-up sand and the relief was delicious. It was the best mattress, the most downy bed upon which he had ever rested. The cramp in his hand, in his shoulder muscles suddenly made his fingers go taut.

It was only a tiny contraction, a movement whose radius of action could have been at the most a matter of centimetres, but it completed the faulty circuit in the fuse mechanism and the rocket exploded with a deafening, titanic roar, and a great fountain of flame and smoke rushed upwards into the sky.

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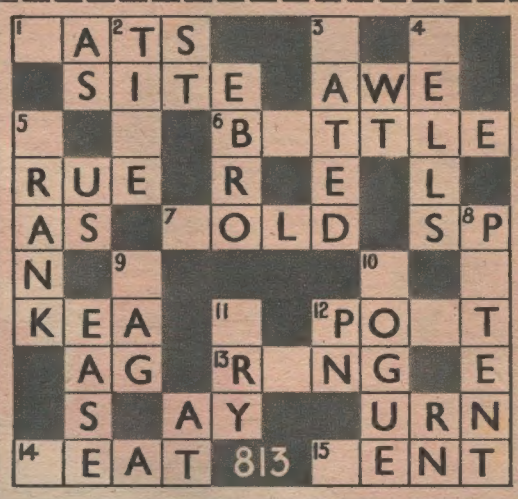

Across Clues — **XWORD 813**

1. Mother's likely to be annoyed if she finds she hasn't any
6. Spirit should be put into
7. Clergyman who neglects this won't be so effective as a preacher
12. In some cases it's amazing how one can go down
13. This may well mean step on ladder
14. It's fairly often said a man gives up this for reasons of health
15. You risk losing certain things if they are

Down Clues

2. The cliffs round our coasts are forever being modified by
3. A tip-top player is rarely this
4. Haven't to be endured long before getting on one's nerves, one imagines
5. Can make things very awkward
8. Describes the strength of some alcoholic drinks
9. One may cease to be funny if going on too long
10. Inconstancy is often typical of
11. Children naturally do this

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(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, December 6, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,861 result).

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